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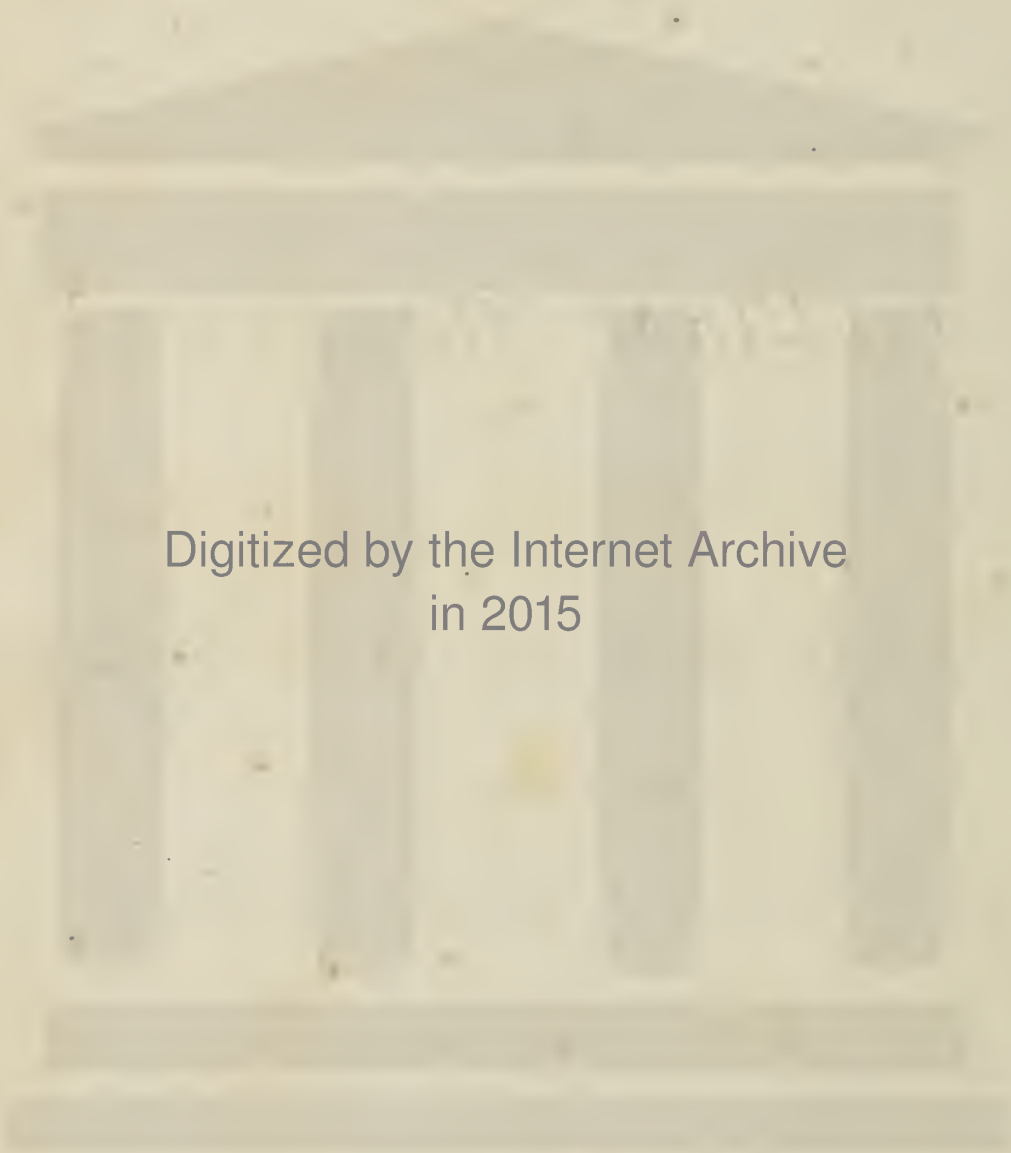

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

CONSISTING OF

TRAGEDIES from HISTORY.

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LONDON:

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May, 1873

PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

TIMON of *ATHENS.*

CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY and *CLEOPATRA.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MACBETH.

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Dramatis Perſonæ

TIMON, *a noble* Athenian.
Lucius, } *two flattering Lords.*
Lucullus, }
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon,
Flaminius, }
Lucilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Servilius, }
Caphis, }
Varro, }
Philo, } *Several ſervants to Uſurers.*
Titus, }
Lucius, }
Hortenſius, }
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*
Cupid *and Maskers.*

Phrynia, }
Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers ſervants and attendants.

SCENE Athens, *and the Woods not far from it.*

The hint of part of this play taken from Lucian's *Dialogue of* Timon.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer, *at ſeveral doors.*

POET.

GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long, how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches? ſee
(Magick of bounty,) all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer.

Mer. O pray let's ſee't.
For the lord *Timon*, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate: but for that----
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
[a] Our poeſie is as a gum, which iſſues
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not 'till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes it ſelf,----and like the current flies
Each bound it chaſes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, Sir:-----when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indiff'rent.
Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch----is't good?
Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature, artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter

[a] *Our poeſie is as a gown, which uſes from whence 'tis nouriſh'd.*

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The ſenators of *Athens!* happy men.

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſiters.
I have, in this rough work ſhap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it ſelf
In a wide ſea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their ſervice to lord *Timon:* his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The baſe o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſov'reign lady fixt,

One

One do I perſonate of *Timon*'s frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to ſcope
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks
With one man becken'd from the reſt below
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount,
To climb his happineſs; would be well expreſt
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear,
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Ev'n on their knees and hands,) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To ſhew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Timon *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every ſuitor.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you? [*To a meſſenger.*
Meſ. Ay, my good lord, five talents is his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius!* well -----
I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I know him
A gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom,
And being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſs to your honour. [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
O. Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius.*
Tim. I have ſo: what of him?
O. Ath. Moſt noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius.*

Enter Lucilius

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.

O. Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

O. Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
My ſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

O. Ath. Therefore he will be,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal husband?

O. Ath. Three talents on the preſent, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will ſtrain a little,

For

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.
O. Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you. [*Exit* Luc.
Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip.
Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man:
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature
He is but out-ſide: penſil'd figures are
Ev'n ſuch as they give out. I like your work,
And you ſhall find I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preſerve ye.
Tim. Well fare you gentleman; Give me your hand,
We muſt needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.
Jew. What my lord? diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would undo me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their maſters priz'd; Believe't, dear lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue, Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here.

SCENE III.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good-morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good-morrow, When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves, thou know'ſt them not?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians?*

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture, *Apemantus?*

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a dog.

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords, ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking ---- How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art thou one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy ſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem.

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not.

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets ſound. Enter a meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades,* and ſome twenty horſe,
All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us;
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence
'Till I have thankt you; and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

Moſt welcome Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple joints! that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſie! the ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
Ere we depart, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc.

Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitt'ſt it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon*'s feaſt.

Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewel twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy ſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

Lucul. Away unpeaceable dog, or---- I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' aſs.

Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come ſhall we in, and taſte lord *Timon*'s bounty?
He ſure outgoes the very heart of kindneſs.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the god of gold,
Is but his ſtew'rd: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it ſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes: ſhall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Hautboys playing, loud muſick. A great banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius *and other* Athenian *ſenators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. Moſt honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius:* you miſtake my love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. We always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it? have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No: you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himſelf:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thy peril, *Timon:* I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome, I my ſelf would have no power---- pr'ythee let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me to ſee
So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelves with men!
Methinks they ſhould invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't, the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readieſt man to kill him. 'Thas been prov'd.
Were I a great man, I ſhould fear to drink,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipes dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!----a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, *Timon:* Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner, honeſt water, which

ne'er left man i'th' mire:
This and my food are equal, there's no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's *grace.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but my self;
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, then a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands? did not you chiefly belong to my heart?

I have told more of you to my ſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why I have often wiſht my ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid *with a maſk of ladies.*

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taſte:
The five beſt ſenſes acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous boſom.
There taſte, touch, all, pleas'd from thy table riſe:
They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Let muſick make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance, they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life;
As this pomp ſhews to a little oyl and root.
We make our ſelves fools, to diſport our ſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpight and envy-----
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends gift?
I ſhould fear, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'Thas been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon, *each ſingles out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,

Which

Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius?

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him---well---i'faith I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then if he could:
'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Luc. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

Lucul. Our horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to ſay to you: look my lord,
I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts---

All. So are we all. [*Exe.* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter a ſervant.

Ser. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome,

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your honour, vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another ſervant.

2 *Ser.* May it pleaſe your honour, lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath preſented to you four milk-white horſes trapt in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 *Ser.* Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has ſent your honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no pow'r to make his wiſhes good;

His

His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is ſo kind, that he pays intereſt for't;
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do your ſelves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on. 'Tis yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with my own; I'll tell you true, I'll call on you.

All Lords. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give,
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defie land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound----

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd----

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.*

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and fortunes,
Keep you, lord *Timon*---

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt lords.*

SCENE VIII.

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums?
I doubt whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, *Timon*, I fear me, thou wilt give away thy ſelf in paper ſhortly. What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So---thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſum.
Which makes it five and twenty.---Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why give my horſe to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
An able horſe. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that ſmiles and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis*, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd with
'Commend me to your maſter---and the cap
Plays in the right hand,---thus but tell him, ſirrah,

My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Who flaſhes now a Phœnix----get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. Ay go, Sir: take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

TIMON'S *hall.*

Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. NO care, no ſtop? ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot. Takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done?---- he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for mony?
Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?
Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore?*
Iſid. It is ſo.
Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.
Var. I fear it.
Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, *and his train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades.* ---- Well what's your will? [*They preſent their bills.*
Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?
Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my ſteward.
Cap. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off,
To the ſucceſſion of new days, this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.
Cap. Nay, good my lord.
Tim. Contain thy ſelf, good friend.
Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good lord----
Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he prays your ſpeedy payment----
Cap. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants----
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks, and paſt---
Iſid. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am ſent expreſly to your lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath: [*To the lords.*
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on, [*Exeunt lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly. Come hither:
How goes the world that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Fla. Peaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunity ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends; ſee them well entertain'd. [*Exit Tim.*

Stew. Pray draw near. [*Exit Stew.*

SCENE III.

Enter Apemantus *and fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog.

Var. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy ſelf. Come away.

Iſid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poor rogues, and uſurers men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Aſſes.

All.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your ſelves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: how does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. Would we could ſee you at *Corinth.*

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my maſter's page.

Page. Why how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company? how doſt thou, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus,* read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters, I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon,* this to *Alcibiades.* Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelpt a dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou out-run'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* ſtay at home----
You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. I would they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I-----as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers men?

All.

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my maſter's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave, which notwithſtanding thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit; ſometime it appears like a lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime the philoſopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near, I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Fla.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leiſures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back:
And that unaptneſs made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelf.
Fla. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I've ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea 'gainſt th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time,
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.
Tim. Let all my land be ſold.
Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.
Fla. O my good lord, the world is but a world,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. You tell me true.
Fla. If you ſuſpect my husbandry or falſhood,

Call

Call me before th' exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
' When all our offices have been oppreſt
' With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
' With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
' Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſie;
' I have retir'd me to a [a] lonely room,
' And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*; noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowres,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou the conſcience lack
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Stew. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, Ho *Flaminius, Servilius!*

SCENE

[a] *waſteful cock.*

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other ſervants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to lord *Lucius*---- to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his honour to-day--- you to *Sempronius*--- commend me to their loves, and I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony; let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus?* hum----

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the ſenators; [*To* Flavius.
Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o'th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Fla. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral way,)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name,
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Fla. 'They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
'That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
'Do what they would; are ſorry----You are honourable----
'But yet they could have wiſht----they know not----
'Something hath been amiſs----a noble nature
'May catch a wrench----would all were well----'tis pity----
'And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
'After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
'With certain half caps, and cold moving nods,
'They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You gods reward them!

I pr'ythee man, look cheerly. Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius* ---- pr'ythee be not ſad,
Thou'rt true, and juſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate; When he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give't theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

Stew. Would I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free it ſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The CITY.

Flaminius *waiting at the houſe of* Lucullus, *enter a ſervant to him.*

SERVANT.

I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord *Timon*'s men? a gift, I warrant---- Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewre to-night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir; fill me ſome wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,---Nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told

him on't; and come again to ſupper to him on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs. And yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a ſervant, with wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee ---- Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the ſervant.*] ---- Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough (although thou comeſt to me) that this is no time to lend mony, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the mony away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee:
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave
Unto [a] this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and come to nutriment,

When

[a] *this honour*

When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O may diſeaſes only work upon't:
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part
Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
To expel ſickneſs, [b] or prolong his hour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucius, *with three ſtrangers.*

Luc. WHO, the lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for mony.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow ſo many talents, nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now before the gods I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my lord, I have ſweat to ſee his

[b] *but*

his honour. ---- My honour'd lord ---- [*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent ----

Luc. Ha! what hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Ser. Upon my ſoul 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn my ſelf honourable? how unluckily it hapned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do ---- (the more beaſt I ſay) ---- I was ſending to uſe lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip, and I hope his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius* ----
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk indeed,

And

And he that's once deny'd will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, *Hoſtilius?*

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece, is every flatterer's ſport:
Who can call him his friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? for in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe:
Supported his eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s mony
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man!
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape,
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part
I never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpence,
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter a third ſervant with Sempronius.

Sem. MUST he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?----
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe three
Owe their eſtates unto him.
Ser. Oh my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal,
For they have all deny'd him.
Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? three! hum----
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? his friends like phyſicians,
[c] Three give him over? muſt I take the cure
On me? h'as much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my place, I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it laſt? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' reſt, and 'mongſt lords I be thought a fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake:
I'd ſuch a courage to have done him good.
But now return,

And

[c] *thriv'd give him over.*

And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will ſet him clear. How fairly this lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like thoſe that under hot, ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire. Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's beſt hope, now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards,
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and other ſervants of* Timon's *creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. WELL met, good-morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*
Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*
Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?
Luc. I think one buſineſs does command us all.
For mine is mony.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir *Philotas*'s too.

Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder: he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.
Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider that a prodigal courſe
Is like the ſun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord *Timon*'s purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event:
Your lord ſends now for mony.
Hor. True, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift,
For which I wait for mony.
Hor. Againſt my heart.
Luc. How ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels
And ſend for mony for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witneſs:
I know my lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worſe than ſtealth.
Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns: what's yours?
Luc. Five thouſand,
Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th' ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord *Timon*'s men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray is my lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir-----

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain mony here, Sir.

Fla. If mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws.
You do your ſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly:-----
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Fla. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter what----he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from it. For take it of my ſoul,
My lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help---my lord! my lord.

SCENE V.

Enter Timon *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place which I have feaſted, does it now
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus.*

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord!

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em---cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that.
What yours---- and yours?

Var. My lord----

Cap. My lord----

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you. [*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our maſters may throw their caps at their mony, theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves.
Creditors!---- devils.

Flam. My dear lord.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo-----

Fla. My dear lord.

Tim. I'll have it ſo----- My ſteward!

Fla. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly!---- Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*. All----
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.

Fla. O my lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care:
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide. [*Exenut.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The CITY.

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades *meeting them with attendants.*

1 *Sen.* MY lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alc. Health, honour, and compaſſion to the ſenate.
1 *Sen.* Now, captain.
Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe,
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd

To

To bring man-ſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His out-ſides, wear them like his rayment, careleſly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord!----

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear,
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battel,
And not endure all threatnings, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then ſure women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuff'ring. Oh my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extreameſt guſt,
But in defence, by mercy 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger, is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his ſervice done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Bizantium*,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I ſay my lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a ſworn rioter; he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have dy'd in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be:

My

My lords, I do beſeech you know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!-----

Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me,
It could not elſe be I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect.
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That make the ſenate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If after two days ſhine, *Athens* contains thee
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, (not to ſwell our ſpirit,)
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes
While they have told their mony, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I my ſelf,
Rich only in large hurts,----- All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains wounds? ha! Baniſhment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

TIMON's *houſe.*

Enter divers Senators at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you: I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: he hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen* He ſent to me, Sir-----here he comes.

Enter Timon *and attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both-----and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: ſuch ſummer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpets ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheer? [*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* My moſt honourable lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your lordſhip t'other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before-----

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal chear, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is baniſht: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo-----

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make your ſelves prais'd: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty, be without a ſcore of villains. If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are ----- The reſt of your fees, O gods, the ſenators of Athens, *together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my friends ----- as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: ſmoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt.
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee ſlaves, vapors, and minute-jacks
Of man and beaſt; the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er! ----- What, doſt thou go?

Soft,

Soft, take thy phyſick firſt---- thou too---- and thou----
[*Throwing the diſhes at them, and drives 'em out.*
Stay, I will lend thee mony, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn houſe, ſink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon*'s fury!

3 *Sen.* Puſh, did you ſee my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you ſee my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads to general filths.
Convert o'th' inſtant, green, virginity
Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt,
Rather than render back; out with your knives,
And cut your truſters throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-hande drobbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out. Fear and Piety,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confuſion live! plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,

Cripple

‘ Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
‘ As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
‘ Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
‘ That ’gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
‘ And drown themſelves in riot. Itches, blains,
‘ Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their crop
‘ Be general leproſie: breath infect breath,
‘ That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
‘ Be meerly poiſon. Nothing I’ll bear from thee,
‘ But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he ſhall find
Th’ unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me you good gods all)
Th’ *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

TIMON’S *houſe.*

Enter Flavius *with two or three ſervants.*

1 *Ser.* HEAR you, good maſter ſteward, where’s our maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Ser.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a Maſter faln! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

2 *Ser.*

‘ 2 *Ser.* As we do turn our backs
‘ From our companion, thrown into his grave,
‘ So his familiars to his buried fortunes
‘ Slink all away, leave their falſe vows with him
‘ Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf
‘ A dedicated beggar to the air,
‘ With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
‘ Walks like Contempt alone.----- More of our fellows.

Enter other ſervants.

Fla. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!
3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into the ſea of air.
Fla. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be fellows: ſhake our heads, and ſay,
(As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes)
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
Nay put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*He gives them mony, they embrace and part ſeveral ways.*
Oh the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted like his vaniſh'd friends?

Poor

Poor honeſt lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord, bleſt to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will,
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The WOODS.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Bleſſed breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes,
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not ev'n nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and deny't that lord,
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the paſture lards the beggar's ſides,

The want that makes him lean. Who dares? who dares,
In purity of manhood, ſtand upright,
And ſay, this man's a flatterer? if one be,
So are they all, for every † greeze of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: [a] All is oblique,
There's nothing level in our curſed natures
But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men.
His ſemblable, yea himſelf, *Timon* diſdains,
Deſtruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[*Digging the earth.*

Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſawce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon. ---- What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No gods, I am no idle votariſt.
Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
'You gods! why this? what this? you gods? why, this
'Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
'Pluck ſtout mens pillows from below their heads.
'This yellow ſlave
'Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
'Make the hoar leproſie ador'd; place thieves,
'And give them title, knee, and approbation
'With ſenators on the bench: this is it
'That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
'She, whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulcerous ſores
'Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
'To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
'Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
'Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

'Do

† greeze, *or* ſtep, *or* degree.

[a] *All's obloquy.*

'Do thy right nature----- [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?---- thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee-----thou'lt go (ſtrong thief),
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alcibiades *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.
Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man.
Alc. What is thy name? is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thy ſelf a man?
Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more than as I know thee
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules,
Religious cannons, civil laws are cruel,
Then what ſhould war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiſs thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the moon;

There were no ſuns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon?*

Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I've heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.

Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra?*

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill: they love thee not that uſe thee:
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt:
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
To th' ſubfaſt, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them -----

Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon.*

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I'ad rather be alone.

Alc.

Alc. Why fare thee well
Here's gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap-----
Tim. War'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*
Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cauſe.
Tim. The gods confound them all then in thy conqueſt,
And after, Thee, when thou haſt conquered.
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou waſt born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
' Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
' Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
' In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword skip one,
' Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
' He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron,
' It is her habit only that is honeſt,
' Her ſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps
That through the window-barn bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf. Speak not, be gone. *Alc.*

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heav'n's curſe upon thee.
Both. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon:* haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whore a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant, you're not othable,
Although I know you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders and to heavenly agues
Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe fire predomitate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. Make falſe hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on ſtill.
Paint 'till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!
Both. Well, more gold ----- what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the *Flamen,*
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald

And

And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
He ſource of all erection. ---- There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counſel with more mony, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I've given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*; farewel *Timon:*
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Tim. 'That Nature being ſick of man's unkindneſs
'Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
'Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
'Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle
'(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft)
'Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
'The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm;
'With all th' abhorred births below criſp heav'n
'Whereon *Hyperion*'s quickning fire doth ſhine;
'Yield him, who all thy human ſons do's hate,
'From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
'Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
'Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.

'Go

' Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
' Teem with new monſters whom thy upward face
' Hath to the marbled manſion all above
' Never preſented ----- O, a root ----- dear thanks!
' Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas,
' Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'riſh draughts,
' And morſels unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
' That from it all conſideration ſlips -----

SCENE VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague.

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lye ſoft,
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,

Raſcals

Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my Likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my ſelf.

Apem. Thou'aſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou
' That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
' Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moiſt trees
' That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
' And skip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook
' Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
' To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures
' Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
' Of wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks
' To the conflicting elements expos'd,
' Anſwer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
' Oh! thou ſhalt find ----

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: thou'dſt courtier be
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Out-lives incertain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;

The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtates, contentleſs,
Have a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.

' Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
' With favour never claſpt; but bred a dog.
' Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath proceeded
' Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
' To ſuch, as may the paſſive drugs of it
' Freely command; thou wouldſt have plung'd thy ſelf
' In general riot, melted down thy youth
' In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
' The icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
' The ſugar'd game before thee. But my ſelf,
' Who had the world as my confectionary,
' The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
' At duty more than I could frame employments;
' That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
' Do on the oak; have with one winter's bruſh
' Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
' For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
' That never knew but better, is ſome burthen.
' Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance, time
' Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?
' They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
' If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor rag,
' Muſt be thy ſubject, who in ſpight put ſtuff
' To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
' Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone-----
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone-----
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!
Thus would I eat it. * [*Eating a root.*

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt a-nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou a-days, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat, or rather where I eat it.

Tim. Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind.

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. * What

* Thus would I eat it.
Apem. Here will I mend thy feaſt.
Tim. Firſt mend thy company, take away thy ſelf.
Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldſt thou, *&c.*

* the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eat it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Apem. Doſt hate a medler?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An th' hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thy ſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?
Apem. My ſelf.
Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.
Apem. What things, *&c.*

things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of men, or remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon.*

Tim. 'A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee t'attain 'to. If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou 'wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, 'the lion would ſuſpect thee, when peradventure thou wert ac-'cus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would tor-'ment thee; and ſtill thou liv'ſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. 'If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee; and 'oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou 'the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make 'thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, 'thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou 'wouldſt be ſeized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou 'wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were 'jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy de-'fence abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſub-'ject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt 'not thy loſs in transformation.

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of *Athens* is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem.

Apem. A plague on thee. Thou art too bad to curſe.
Tim. All villains that do ſtand by thee, are pure.
Apem. There is no leproſie but what thou ſpeak'ſt.
Tim. I'll beat thee; but I ſhould infect my hands.
Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off.
Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.
Apem. Would thou wouldſt burſt.
Tim. Away thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.
Apem. Beaſt!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!
I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But ev'n the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me, at others lives may laugh.
'O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce [*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
'Of *Hymen*'s pureſt bed! thou valiant *Mars*,
'Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
'Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
'That lies on *Dian*'s lap! thou viſible god,
'That ſouldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
'And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue
'To every purpoſe; Oh thou touch of hearts!
'Think thy ſlave man rebels, and by thy virtue
'Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
'May have the world in empire.

Apem.

Apem. Would 'twere ſo,
But not 'till I am dead. I'll ſay th'haſt gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery,

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men -----Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them. The plague of company light upon thee; I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than *Apemantus*. [*Exit* Ape.

SCENE VII.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim.

Tim. Both too, and womens ſons.
All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat.
Why ſhould you want? behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings;
The oaks bear maſts, the briers ſcarlet hips.
The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?
1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes;
Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves the birds and fiſhes.
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſt; that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o'th' grape,
'Till the high feaver ſeeth your blood to broth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.
Do villany, do, ſince you proteſt to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſure ſtoln
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your ſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,

Break

Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it: ſteal not leſs for what
I give, and gold confound you howſoever! *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us, not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*; there is no time ſo miſerable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods and Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Flavius *to* Timon.

FLAVIUS.

O H you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly beſtow'd!
What change of honour deſp'rate want has made?
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſht to love his enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do.
H'as caught me in his eye, I will preſent

My honeſt grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life. My deareſt maſter!
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt ask that? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou granteſt that thou art a man
I have forgot thee.
Fla. An honeſt ſervant.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.
Fla. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weep? come nearer, then I love thee.
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But or through luſt, or laughter. Pity's ſleeping;
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Fla. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief, and whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: ſurely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual, ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man: miſtake me not, but one.
No more I pray, and he's a ſteward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelf: but all ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks thou art more honeſt now than wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
A uſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Fla. No, my moſt worthy maſter, (in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt;
Suſpect ſtill comes when an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heav'n knows, is meerly love,
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and believe it,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich your ſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo; thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here take; the gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men. Let priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods.

And

And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Fla. O let me ſtay and comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him, he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtragling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid, he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his, has been but a tryal for his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in *Athens* again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt; Promiſing is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people,

the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe, is moſt courtly, and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon *from his cave, unſeen.*

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thy ſelf.

Poet. I am thinking what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: it muſt be a perſonating of himſelf; a ſatyr againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:
While the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night;
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn-----
What a god's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples, than where ſwine do feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foame,
Setleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave;
To thee be worſhip, and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet.

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends faln off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures, oh abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough -----
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go, naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.

Pain. He, and my ſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honeſt men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. Y'are honeſt men; you've heard that I have gold,
I'm ſure you have, ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt man; thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So ſo, my lord.

Tim. E'en ſo, Sir, as I ſay----- And for thy fiction,
Why thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,

I muſt needs ſay you have a little fault,
Marry not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beſeech your honour
To make it known to us
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, and feed him,
Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this;----- but two in company:
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains ſhall not be, [*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him.*----If *thou* wouldſt not reſide [*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence,

You

You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:
Out raſcal dogs. [*Beating and driving 'em out.*

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius *and two Senators.*

Fla. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon:*
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Fla. Here is his cave:
Peace and content be here, lord *Timon! Timon!*
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: th' *Athenians*
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon *out of his cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort'ſt, burn!-----
Speak and be hang'd;
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.

1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon.*

Tim. ----- Of none but ſuch as you, and you of *Timon.*

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon.*

Tim. I thank them. And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelves, in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee, forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs,
Which now the publick body (which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it ſelf
A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall, reſtraining aid to *Timon*;
And ſends forth us to make their ſorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The captainſhip: thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who like a boar too ſavage, doth root up

His

His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning ſword
Againſt the walls of *Athens.*

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon*-----

Tim. Well Sir, I will; therefore I will Sir, thus-----
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not.
And let him take't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For my ſelf,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
To reverend'ſt throat in *Athens.* So I leave you
To the protection of the proſp'rous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Fla. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of health and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And laſt ſo long enough.

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common brute doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throws
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyages, I will do
Some kindneſs to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his taſte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himſelf----- I pray you do my greeting.

Fla. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a-day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend.
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain;
Sun, hide thy beams; *Timon* hath done his reign. [*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dead peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* THOU haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as they report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Who though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i'th' cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with duſt. In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. * [*Exeunt.*

* —— our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a ſoldier in the woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak ho. —— No anſwer? —— What is this? ——
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan,
Some beaſt read this; there does not live a man. Dead

SCENE V.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his powers.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town,
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. 'Till now my ſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traverſt arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries, of it ſelf, no more: now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.*

Dead ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *&c.*

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they ſuch
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.
2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning in exceſs,
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread,
By decimation and a tithed death;
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth. *
1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and thoſe kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended; like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.
2 *Sen.* What thou wilt
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.
1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou'lt enter friendly.

* —— take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.
1 *Sen.* All have *&c.*

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion: all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove,
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports,
Thoſe enemies of *Timon*'s, and mine own,
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds;
But ſhall be remedied by publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My noble general, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' ſea,
And on his graveſtone this inſculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades *reads the epitaph.*]

Here lyes a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!
Here lye I Timon, *who all living men did hate,*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gaite.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,

Scorn'dſt

Scorn'dſt our brains flow, and thoſe our droplets which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave; on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more ----- Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword;
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach.
Let our drums ſtrike ------ [*Exeunt.*

CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CAIUS Martius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman, *hated by the common people.*
Titus Lartius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians, *and friends to* Co-
Cominius, } riolanus.
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the people, and enemies to* Coriolanus.
Junius Brutus, }
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius,
Young Martius, *ſon to* Coriolanus.

Volumnia, *mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is partly in* Rome *and partly in the Territory of the* Volſcians.

The whole Hiſtory exactly follow'd, and many of the principal ſpeeches copy'd from the life of Coriolanus *in* Plutarch.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *CITIZEN.*

EFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Martius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the Patricians good: what authority ſurfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholſome, we might

gueſs they relieved us humanely: but they think we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius?*

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you muſt in no way ſay he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*ſhouts within.* What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o'th' city is riſen, why ſtay we prating here? to th' Capitol------

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft----who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would all the reſt were ſo.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you

you with your bats and clubs? the matter------ſpeak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate, they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor ſuiters have ſtrong breaths, they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours, will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you: For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth;
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o'th' ſtate, who care for you, like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!----true indeed, they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes cramm'd with grain: make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers; repeal daily any wholſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you

A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.
2 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir----yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgrace with a tale:
But, and't pleaſe you, deliver.
Men. There was a time when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it----
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'th' midſt o'th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th'other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd----
2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?
Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus----
(For look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receit; even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you-----
2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer----what
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they----
Men. What then?----for me this fellow ſpeaks.

What

What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd;
Who is the ſink o'th' body-----

Men. Well,----what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh, like his accuſers, and thus anſwer'd;
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to th' ſeat o'th' brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man;
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me----

2 *Cit.* Ay Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See, what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer---- how apply you this?

Men. The ſenators of *Rome* are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o'th' common, you ſhall find
No publick benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou raſcal, that are worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battel:
The one ſide muſt have bail.

SCENE III.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hail, noble *Martius*!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues?
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your ſelves ſcabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe you are: no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,

And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye---truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? what's their ſeeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they ſay!-----
They'll ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhooes. They ſay there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded:
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd; hang 'em,
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth proverbs;
That hunger broke ſtone walls----- that dogs muſt eat,-----

That meat was made for mouths----- that the Gods ſent not
Corn for the rich men only----- With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,
[a] Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not---- s'death,
The rabble ſhould have firſt unrooſt the city
Ere ſo prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrections arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius?*

Mar. Here---- what's the mattter?

Meſ. The news is, Sir, the *Volſcians* are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See, our beſt elders-----

SCENE IV.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen. Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

[a] *ſuiting.*

I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wiſh me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe wars.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus'* face.
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?
Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other;
Ere ſtay behind this buſineſs.
Men. O true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol; where I know
Our greateſt friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on;
Follow *Cominius*, we muſt follow you,
Right worthy your priority.
Com. Noble *Martius*.
1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes---- be gone. [*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Let them follow,
The *Volſcians* have much corn: take theſe rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray follow. [*Exeunt.*
[*Citizens ſteal away.* *Manent* Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Sic. Was ever man ſo proud as is this *Martius?*
Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen tribunes for the people-----
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods----
Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon.
Bru. The preſent wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius!*
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius:* oh, if he
Had born the buſineſs----
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*
Bru. Come; half all *Cominius'* honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

CORIOLI.

Enter Tullus Aufidius *with Senators of* Corioli.

1 *Sen.* SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence---- theſe are the words---- I think
I have the letter here, yes---- here it is;
They have preſt a power, but it is not known
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent---- moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere (almoſt) *Rome*

Should

Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commiſſion, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*,
If they ſet down before's: for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more,

All. The Gods aſſiſt you.

Auf. And keep your honours ſafe.

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ROME.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia, *they ſit down on two low ſtools, and ſow.*

Vol. I Pray you, daughter, ſing, or expreſs your ſelf in a more comfortable ſort: if my ſon were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comlineſs pluck-ed all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a mother

mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding, I, conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I ſprang no more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, Madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely: had I a dozen ſons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Vir. Beſeech you give me leave to retire my ſelf.

Vol. Indeed thou ſhalt not:
Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:
I ſee him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:
(As children from a bear) the *Volſci* ſhunning him:
Methinks I ſee him ſtamp thus---- and call thus----
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear
Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt-man, that's task'd to mow,
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier

Than

Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending; tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heav'ns bleſs my lord from fell *Aufidius.*

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria *with an uſher, and a gentlewoman.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam----

Vir. I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip-----

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing here? a fine ſpot in good faith. How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your ladyſhip: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchoolmaſter.

Val. A my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth I look'd on him o' *Wedneſday* half an hour together---- h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammockt it!

Vol. One o's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol.

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threſhold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they ſay, all the yarn ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed Madam-----

Val. In earneſt it's true, I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is---- the *Volſcians* have an army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your lord and *Titus Lartius* are ſet down before their city *Corioli*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think ſhe would: fare you well then.

Come, good ſweet lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemneſs out a door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Walls of Corioli.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, *with captains and ſoldiers: To them a meſſenger.*

Mar. YOnder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Meſ. They lye in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred years: Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye theſe armies?

Meſ. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then ſhall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now *Mars*, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blaſt.

They ſound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius is he within your wall?

1 *Senat.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's

That's leſſer than a little: hark, our drums [*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes,
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off [*Alarum far off.*
There is *Aufidius.* Liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, ho.

Enter the Volſcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſcian*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the* Romans *are beat back to their trenches.*

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*; you herds; of boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile: you ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,

Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Martius *follows them to the gates, and is ſhut in.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good ſeconds;
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Martius?*

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the ſudden
Clapt to their gates: he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.

Lart. Oh noble fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenſeleſs ſword,
And when it bows, ſtands up: thou art left, *Martius*---
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to *Calvus'* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſions of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter

Enter Martius *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.
Lart. O, 'tis *Martius.*
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome.*
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Martius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noise the general makes! to him;
There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius,*
Piercing our *Romans*: then valiant *Titus* take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius.*
Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.
T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart.

Lart. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers ſwords: bold gentleman!
Proſperity be thy page.
Mar. Thy friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: ſo farewel.
Lart. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman *Camp.*

Enter Cominius *retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. BReathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our ſtands
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own,
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful ſacrifice. Thy news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The citizens of *Corioli* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* battel.
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Tho' thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?

Meſ.

Meſ. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news ſo late?

Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcians*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods,
He has the ſtamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of *Martius'* tongue,
From every meaner man

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius?*

Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees;
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other,
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.

Com.

Com. Where is that ſlave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think----
Where is the enemy? are you lords o'th' field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe
Mar. How lies their battel? know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſs, *Martius*,
Their bands i'th' vaward are the † *Antiates*
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battels wherein we have fought,
By th' blood w'ave ſhed together, by the vows
W'ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the preſent, but
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.----
Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

Mar.

† *ancients.*

Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing, if any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his perſon [b] than an ill report:
If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf,
[c] Let him, alone, (or many if ſo minded)
Wave thus, t' expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.

[*They all ſhout and wave their ſwords, take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*

Oh! me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcians?* none of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd; pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.

Com. March on my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

[b] *that*

[c] *Let him alone (or ſo many ſo minded)*

SCENE X.

CORIOLI.

Titus Lartius *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Martius; *Enter with a lieutenant other ſoldiers and a ſcout.*

Lart. SO, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe centuries to our aid, the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon's:
Our guider come, to th' *Roman* camp conduct us. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

The Roman *Camp.*

Alarum as in battel. Enter Martius *and* Aufidius, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mar. I'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a ſerpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the Gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.

Mar. Within theſe three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,

Wherein

Wherein thou ſee'ſt me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain* Volſcians *come to the aid of* Aufidius. Martius *fights 'till they be driven in breathleſs.*

Officious and not valiant!---- you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A retreat is ſounded. Enter at one door Cominius *with the* Romans: *at another door* Martius, *with his arm in a ſcarf.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug;
I'th' end admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, we thank the Gods
Our *Rome* hath ſuch a ſoldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius *with his power from the purſuit.*

Lart. O General,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld----

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,

Induc'd as you have been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving, *Rome* muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore, I beſeech you,
In ſign of what you are, not to reward.
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death: Of all the horſes,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore, of all
The treaſure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry,* Martius! Martius! *caſt up their caps and launces:* Cominius *and* Lartius *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane,
Never ſound more: when drums and trumpets ſhall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
Be made all of falſe-faced ſoothing.

When

When ſteel grows ſoft, as the paraſite's ſilk,
Let him be made an overture for th' wars:
No more, I ſay; for that I have not waſh'd
My noſe that bled, or foil'd ſome debile wretch,
Which without note here's many elſe have done,
You ſhout me forth in acclamations hyberbolical,
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever.

[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and drums.*

Omnes. Caius Martius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your ſteed, and at all times
To undercreſt your good addition,
To th' fairneſs of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs: you *Titus Lartius*

Muſt

Muſt to *Corioli* back; ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I ſhall, my lord.
Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:
I that but now refus'd moſt princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my lord-general.
Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's houſe: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him priſoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.
Com. O well begg'd:
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.
Lart. *Martius*, his name?
Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The Camp of the Volſci.

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius *bloody, with two or three ſoldiers.*

Auf. THE town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volſcian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I'th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee, ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
True ſword to ſword, I'll potch at him ſome way;
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not ſo ſubtle: my valour (poiſon'd
With only ſuffering ſtain by him) for him
Shall flie out of it ſelf: not ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarkments all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there

Againſt

Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be hoſtages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove. I pray you
('Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Menenius *with* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

MENENIUS.

THE Augur tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſt.

Men. This is ſtrange now! do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right file, do you?

Bru. Why----how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience----give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures, (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo----you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride----oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves. Oh that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, *alias* fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect in favouring the firſt complaint, haſty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are

(I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I can ſay, your worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables; and tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your beſom conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.---- When you are hearing a matter between a party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience---- and in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen.

Good-

Good-een to your worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Exe.* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

SCENE II.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia *and* Valeria.

How now (my as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee---- hoo, *Martius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I ſaw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an eſtate of ſeven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the phyſician: the moſt ſoveraign preſcription in *Galen* is but Emperic, and to this preſervative of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows; *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo *fidius'd* for all the cheſts in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true.

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be ſworn they are true. Where is he wounded, God ſave your good worſhips? *Martius* is coming home; he has more cauſe to be proud: where is he wounded?

Vol. I'th' ſhoulder, and i'th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts i'th' body.

Men. One i'th' neck, and two i'th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his laſt expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*A ſhout and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of *Martius*; before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General and* Titus Lartius; *between them* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and ſoldiers, and a herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Martius*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.
[*Sound. Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother.

Cor. Oh!
You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay my ſoldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy wife----

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail:
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? O my ſweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome General, y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,

And

And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; welcome:
A curſe begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to ſee thee. You are three
That *Rome* ſhould dote on: yet by the faith of men,
We've ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Welcome warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly,

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them, change of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh.* *Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in ſtate, as before.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Bru. 'ALL tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
'Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling nurſe

'Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
'While ſhe chats him: the kitchen maukin pins
'Her richeſt †lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
'Clambring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows,
'Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
'With variable complexions; all agreeing
'In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown *Flamins*
'Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
'To win a vulgar ſtation; our veil'd dames
'Commit the war of white and damask in
'Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
'Of *Phœbus'* burning kiſſes; ſuch a pother,
'As if that whatſoever God who leads him,
'Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
'And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him Conſul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he'ath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget
(With the leaſt cauſe) theſe his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put

The

† *a coarſe ſort of linnen.*

The napleſs veſture of humility,
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: oh he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o'th' gentry,
And the deſire o'th' nobles.
Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis moſt like he will.
Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills;
A ſure deſtruction.
Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
[d] Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.
Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the people, which (time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter

[d] *diſproportion'd*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You're ſent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought
That *Martius* ſhall be Conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd; the nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s ſtatue, and the commons made
A ſhower and thunder with their caps and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like,

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The CAPITOL.

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions.

1 *Off.* COME, come, they are almoſt here; how many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him,

manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his noble careleſſneſs lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the people, is as bad as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe who have been ſupple and courteous to the people, bonnetted without any further deed to [c]heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice that giving it ſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Conſul:* Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their places by themſelves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volſcians,* and
To ſend for *Titus Lartius*; it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country. Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſul, and laſt General,

In

[c] *have*

In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o'th' people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what paſſes here

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theam of our aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been ſilent: pleaſe you
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak?

Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give.

Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bedfellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.

[Coriolanus *riſes and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your place.

1 *Sen.* Sit *Coriolanus*, never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words diſ-bench'd you not?
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh----
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i'th' ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters of the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one? when you ſee
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius.*
Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counter-pois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' Conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,

He

He prov'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he [f]waxed like a ſea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeen battels ſince
He lurcht all ſwords o'th' garland. For this laſt,
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his [g]ſtern: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was [h]tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs [i]deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtreight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battel came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world: he covets leſs
Than miſery it ſelf would give, rewards

His

[f] *waited.* [g] *ſtem* [h] *trim'd* [i] *defamy:*

His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time to end it.
Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.
Sen. Call *Coriolanus.*
Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Conſul.
Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.
Men. It then remains
That you do ſpeak to th' people.
Cor. I beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds ſake, to give their ſuffrages:
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't: pray fit you to the cuſtom,
And take t'ye, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.
Men. Do not ſtand upon't:

We

We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe to them, and to our noble Conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.

Sic. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent: he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Oons! if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for, if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them: ſo, if he tells us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome

ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, would be at once to all points o'th' compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? which way do you judge my wit would fly.

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks----you may, you may----

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a gown, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by one's, by two's, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, where every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthieſt men have done't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay,
I pray, Sir? plague upon't, I cannot bring

My

My tongue to ſuch a pace. Look, Sir,----- my wounds-----
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noiſe of our own drums.

Men. Oh me the Gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that, you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you to ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholſome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean----- ſo, here comes a brace:
You know the cauſe, Sirs, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own deſire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray your price o'th' Conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:--- but 'tis no matter. [*Exe.*

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma.

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice, is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers: therefore, beſeech you I may be Conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices-----

Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,

Than

Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve. *

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices----for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice ſix,
I've ſeen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:----your voices:
Indeed I would be Conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul: the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. God ſave thee, noble Conſul. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You've ſtood your limitation: and the Tribunes
Endue you with the peoples voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:

* ——— we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs voucher? cuſtom calls me to't———
What cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't?
The duſt on antique time would lye unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.
Three citizens, &c.

The people do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelf again,
Repair to th' ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: will you diſmiſs the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my maſters, have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid he'd wounds, which he could ſhew in private:

And

And with his cap, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he: aged cuſtom,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was---- I thank you for your voices---- thank you---
Your moſt ſweet voices---- now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs,
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd; when he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy, ſtill ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and ſway o'th' ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to th' plebeians, your voices might
Be curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice tow'rds you, into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to ought; ſo putting him to rage,

You

You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? why had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They've choſe a Conſul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble; and on ſafer judgment,
Revoke your ignorant election:
Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you:
Beſides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that

We

We labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you muſt caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections,
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather muſt do, than what you ſhould do,
Made you againſt the grain to voice him Conſul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: ſay, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe of *Martius*; from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa*'s daughter's ſon,
Who after great *Hoſtilius*, here was King:
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither.
† And *Cenſorinus*, darling of the people
(And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being cenſor)
Was his great anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on;
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

† *This verſe I have ſupply'd. A line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who conſults the beginning of* Plutarch's *life of* Coriolanus, *from whence this paſſage is directly tranſlated.*

All.

All. We will ſo; almoſt all repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. Come; to th' Capitol.
We will be there before the ſtream o'th' people:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

ROME.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators.*

CORIOLANUS.

TUllus *Aufidius* then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.

Cor. So then the *Volſcians* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready when time ſhall prompt them, to make [a]inroad
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, lord Conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their

[a] *road.*

Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*

Lart. On ſafe-guard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volſcians*, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to *Antium.*

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How?----- what?----

Lart. How often he had met you ſword to ſword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium.*

Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do deſpiſe them,
For they do prank them in authority
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Hah!---- what is that!----

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on---- no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are theſe your herd?
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues? what are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.
Cor. Why this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Com. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? by yond clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.
Sic. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the people ſtir; if you will paſs
To where you're bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or ne'er to be ſo noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.

Com.

Com. The people are abus'd, ſet on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſly
I'th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again----
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now as I live, I will----
As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-ſcented many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,
Which we our ſelves have plow'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more----
Sen. No more words, we beſeech you----
Cor. How!---- no more!
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, againſt thoſe meaſles
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſeek
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o'th' people, as you were a God
To puniſh, not a man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Men. What, what! his choler?
Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall remain?
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall*?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!----
O God!---- but moſt unwiſe patricians; why
You grave, but wreakleſs Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o'th' monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You're plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no leſs,
When both your voices blended; the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chuſe their magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my ſoul akes
To know when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupream, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.
Com. Well---- on to th' market-place.
Cor. Who ever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o'th' ſtorehouſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*----

Men.

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute power:
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.

Bru. Why ſhall the people give,
One that ſpeaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthy than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't, being preſt to th' war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis*. Being i'th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom-multiplied digeſt
The Senate's courteſie? let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words---- we did requeſt it----
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.---- Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles----

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.

Cor. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other

Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
T' unſtable ſlightneſs; purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, beſeech you,
(You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet,
That love the fundamental part of ſtate
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To [b] vamp a body with a dangerous phyſick,
That's ſure of death without,) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become it:
Not having power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as ſaid enough.

Sic. H'as ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpight o'er-whelm thee!---
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th' duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon-----

Sic. This a Conſul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho; let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go call the people, in whoſe name my ſelf

Attach

[b] *jump*

Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer. [*Laying hold on* Coriolanus.

Cor. Hence, old goat.

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

SCENE II.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles.*

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens---- what hoe----
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?---- I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near. I cannot ſpeak.---- You Tribunes,
Coriolanus; patience; ſpeak, *Sicinius.*

Sic. Hear me, people---- peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune: peace; ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.

Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Martius would have all from you: *Martius*,
Whom late you nam'd for Conſul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie,
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The peoples magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remain.

Men. And ſo are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deſerves death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, hear me but a word----

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poyſonous,
Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [Cor. *draws his Sword.*

Cor. No, I'll dye here;
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,

Come

Come try upon your ſelves, what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword, Tribunes withdraw a-while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Martius*, help----you that be noble, help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people are beat in.*

SCENE III.

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid:
I pr'ythee noble friend, home to thy houſe,
Leave us to cure this cauſe.

Men. For 'tis a ſore
You cannot tent your ſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my ſelf take up a brace o'th' beſt of them, yea the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick,
And manhood is call'd fool'ry when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick. Will you hence,

Before the tag return, whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come away. [*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.

SCENE IV.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*. What the vengance,
Could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?

Men. You worthy Tribunes----

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further tryal
Than the ſeverity of publick power,

Which

Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall be ſure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir.----

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have holp to make this reſcue?

Men. Hear me ſpeak;
As I do know the Conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults----

Sic. Conſul!---- what Conſul!

Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus.*

Bru. He Conſul!----

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whoſe gratitude
Tow'rds her deſerving children, is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sic. He's a diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean wrong.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his country
It honour'd him.

Men. The ſervice of the foot,
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then reſpected
For what before it was----

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence,
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unskann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs,
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere ſo----

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted, come----

Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted language, meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,

I'll

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the human way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the peoples officer.
Maſters, lay down your weapons,
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company; he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Houſe of CORIOLANUS.

Enter Coriolanus *with Nobles.*

Cor. LET them pull all about mine ears, preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muſe, my mother

Does

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats, to ſhew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war; (I talk of you)
Why did you wiſh me milder? wou'd you have me
Falſe to my nature? rather ſay, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let's go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been
The things that thwart your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, ſomething too rough:
You muſt return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray be counſell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:

Before

Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' heart, but that
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'th'war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh-----

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You call your policy: how is't leſs or worſe
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war, ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Becauſe it lyes on you to ſpeak to th' people:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
But roated in your tongue; baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which

Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at ſtake requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in honour. I'm in this
Your wife, your ſon: theſe ſenators the nobles,
And you will rather ſhew our general lowts,
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come go with us, ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd: altho' I know thou'dſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius.*

Com. I have been i'th' market-place, and Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong party, or defend your ſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair ſpeech.

Com. I think 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Pr'ythee now ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle plot, to loſe
This mould of *Martius*, they to duſt ſhould [c]grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now ſweet ſon, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier; ſo
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
'Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
'Some harlot's ſpirit: my throat of war be turn'd,
'Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
'Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

[c] *bring.*

'That babies lulls asleep; the smiles of knaves
'Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
'The glasses of my sight: a beggar's tongue
'Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees
'Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
'That hath receiv'd an alms. I will not do't,
'Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
'And by my body's action, teach my mind
'A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But own thy pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content:
Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Your self to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly. Pray you let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention: I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The FORUM.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. IN this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the ſpoil got on the *Antiates*
Was ne'er diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Aſſemble preſently the people hither,
And when they hear me ſay, It ſhall be ſo,
I'th' right and ſtrength o'th' commons; be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment, then let them,
If I ſay fine, cry fine; if death, cry death,
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i'th' truth o'th' cauſe.
Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler ſtreight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, *and* Cominius, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beſeech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hoſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume: the honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongſt you
Through our large temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war.

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wiſh.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Liſt to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

Both Tri.

Both Tri. Well, ſay: peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i'th' holy church-yard.
Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move
Laughter only.
Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier; do not take
His rougher actions for malicious ſounds:
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier.
Rather than envy, you----
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Your ſelf unto a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How? traitor?

Men.

Men. Nay, temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i'th' loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes ſate twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would ſay,
Thou lieſt unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
All. To th' rock with him.
Sic. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtroaks, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him, even this
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves th' extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*-----
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?-----
Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you-----
Cor. I'll know no farther:
Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, good-morrow.
Sic. For that he has

(As

(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people: ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at laſt
Giv'n hoſtile ſtroaks, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtrubute it, in the name o'th' people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome's* gates. I'th' people's name,
I ſay it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.

Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends----

Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been Conſul, and can ſhew from *Rome*,
Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loyns: then if I would
Speak that-----

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fenns; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carkaſſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you.

And

And here remain with your uncertainty,
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts,
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair: have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reſervation of your ſelves
Still your own enemies) deliver you
As moſt abated captives to ſome nation
That won you without blows. Deſpiſing then
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere-----

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and others.*

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Ædile. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone! Hoo, hoo!

Sic. Go ſee him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come; let's ſee him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preſerve our noble Tribunes; come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

COME, leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows
When moſt ſtruck home, being [a] gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee woman----

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in *Rome*,
And occupations periſh.

Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your husband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewel my wife, my mother,

[a] *gentle wounded.*

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime) General,
I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtroaks,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen:) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My firſt ſon,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance,
That ſtarts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man,
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'ſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.

While

While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good Gods
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
Vex'd are the nobles, who we ſee have ſided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home,
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.
Bru. Diſmiſs them home.
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. Oh y'are well meet:
The hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love.
Men. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear----
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my husband.
Sic. Are you man-kind?
Vol. Ay, fool: is that a ſhame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words-----
Sic. Oh bleſſed heav'ns!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words,
And for *Rome*'s good----I'll tell thee what----yet go----
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too-----I would my ſon
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy poſterity.
Vol. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had!-----'twas you incens'd the rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heav'n
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray let us go.
Vol. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in *Rome*; ſo far my ſon,

This

This lady's husband here, this (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Ex. Tribunes.*
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wiſh the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my curſes. Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.
Men. You've told them home,
And by my troth have cauſe: you'll ſup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat, I ſup upon my ſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

ANTIUM.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volſcian.

Rom. I Know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian.*
Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my ſervices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? no.
Rom. The ſame, Sir.
Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome?* I have a note from the *Volſcian* ſtate to find you out there. You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange inſurrections: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our ſtate thinks not ſo: they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chuſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall between this and ſupper tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one. The centurions and their charges diſtinctly billetted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, Sir heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium.* City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices, for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
In puny battel ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate, at his houſe this night.

Cor Which is his houſe, I beſeech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*

Oh world, thy ſlippery turns! friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe
Are ſtill together; who twine (as 'twere) in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their iſſues. So with me,
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's town I'll enter; if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* WINE, wine, wine! what ſervice is here? I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus?* my maſter calls for him: *Cotus.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly houſe; the feaſt ſmells well; but I
Appear not like a gueſt.

Enter the firſt Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* [*Aſide.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? pray get you out.

Cor. Away!----

2 *Ser.* Away?---- get you away.

Cor Now thou'rt troubleſom.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter

Enter a third ſervant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Ser.* What fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' houſe: pr'ythee call my maſter to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; ſo I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[*Puſhes him away from him.*

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my maſter, what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I ſhall. [*Exit ſecond ſerving-man.*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Ser.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I'th' city of kites and crows.

3 *Ser.* I'th' city of kites and crows? what an aſs it is; then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my maſter?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs: thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher: hence. [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, *with a ſerving-man.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? what would'ſt thou? thy name? Why ſpeak'ſt not? ſpeak man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'ſt me not, and ſeeing me, Doſt not yet take me for the man I am,
Neceſſity commands me name my ſelf.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmuſical to *Volſcian* ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'ſt thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcians*,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful ſervice,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſirname. A good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou could'ſt bear me; only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of ſlaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity

Hath

Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in meer ſpite
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn: ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then in a word I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live, but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. Oh, *Martius*, *Martius*,
Each word thou'ſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvile of my ſword, and do conteſt

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
One half of my commiſſion, and ſet down
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs, thine own ways;
Whether to knock againſt the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,

To

To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come, come in,
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand; moſt welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a ſtrange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought----I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had ſo: looking, as it were----would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: he is ſimply the rareſt man i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius*.

1 *Ser.* Why do you ſay, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not ſay thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he ſcotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news.

3 *Ser.* Why he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to *Mars*: ſet at upper end o'th' table; no queſtion ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him, ſanctifies himſelf with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were durſt not (look you

you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his creſt up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, preſently, you ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt iron, encreaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers,

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, ſay I, it exceeds peace, as far as day does night, it's ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard children than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis ſo, and as war in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reaſon, becauſe they then leſs need one another: the wars for my mony. I hope to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Volſcians*. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ROME.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame: the preſent peace
And quietneſs of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here we make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, beheld
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late. Hail, Sir.

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſs'd, but with his friends; the commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you both.

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Our ſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:
We wiſh'd *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying confuſion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy officer i'th' war, but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one [b] ſole throne, without aſſiſtance.

Men. Nay, I think not ſo.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports the *Volſcians* with two ſeveral powers
Are entred in the *Roman* territories,
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius'* baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for *Rome*,

[b] *whoſe.*

And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius?*

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volſcians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe; ſome news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave:
Go whip him 'fore the peoples eyes: his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!

Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainſt *Rome*,
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely.

Bru.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely.
He and *Aufidius* can no more be one
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'er-born their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes.
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* ſhould be joyned with the *Volſcians*,
Com. If? he is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better; and they follow him
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,

Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find ſomething in him.

Men. We're all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: his beſt friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, be good to *Rome*, they charge him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That would conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city,
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation,
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That *Rome* can make against them.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.-----
And is *Aufidius* with him?----You are they
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus's Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.
2 *Cit.* And so did I.
3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very many of us; that we did, we did for the best: and tho' we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things; you voices!-----

Men.

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?
Com. Oh, ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt.*
Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd.
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of fear.
1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: come, maſters, let's home.
I ever ſaid we were i'th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.
2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home. [*Ex. Cit.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie
Sic. Pray let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VIII.

A CAMP.

Enter Aufidius *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. DO they ſtill flie to th' *Roman?*
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now.
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly
Even to my perſon, than I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I muſt excuſe

What

What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him; but had born
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well, and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him; though it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good husbandry for the *Volſcian* ſtate,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech, think you he'll carry *Rome?*

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down,
And the nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
As is the aſpray to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſoveraignty of nature. Firſt, he was
A noble ſervant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Whereof he was the lord; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' cask to th' cuſhion, but commanding peace

Even

Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the war. But one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd; but he has merit
To choak it in the utt'rance: ſo our virtues
Lye in th' interpretation of the time;
And power, unto it ſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine. [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his General; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o'that? go you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent, fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com.

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to; forbad all names,
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o'th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, ſo; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leaſt expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them, in a pile
Of noiſom muſty chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of thoſe: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the muſty chaff, and you are ſmelt
Above the moon. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: if you refuſe your aid
In this ſo-never-needed help, yet do not
Upraid us with our diſtreſs. But ſure if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our country-man.

Men. No: I'll notmeddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Martius*.
Men. Well, and ſay that *Martius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard: what then?
But as a diſcontented friend, grief ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?
Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.
Men. Good faith I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury

The

The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, riſe: diſmiſs'd me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do,
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his mother
And wife (who as I hear) mean to ſollicit him
For mercy to his country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A CAMP.

Enter Menenius *to the watch or guard.*

1 *Watch.* STAY: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome.*

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome,*
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius.*

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground
I've tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing. Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always factionary of the party of your General.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his liar, as you ſay you have; I am one that telling true under him, muſt ſay you cannot paſs. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſie groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotard as you ſeem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 *Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus *with* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now you champion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my ſon *Coriolanus*; gueſs but my entertainment with him; if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th' ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.--- The glorious Gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father *Menenius* does. Oh my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being aſſured none but my ſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with ſighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block hath denied my acceſs to thee------

Cor. Away.

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remiſſion lyes
In *Volſcian* breaſts. That we have been familiar,

In-

Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity: note how much----therefore be gone,
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake, [*Gives him a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak. This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'ſt----

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2 *Watch.* What cauſe do you think I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another: let your General do his worſt. For you, be what you are long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exit Watch.*

SCENE III.

Re-enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow
Set down our hoſt. My partner in this action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* lords how plainly

I've

I've born this buſineſs.

Auf. Only their ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your ears againſt the general ſuit of *Rome*:
Never admitted private whiſper, no
Not with ſuch friends that thought them ſure of you.

Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father:
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge,
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Freſh embaſſie, and ſuits,
Nor for the ſtate, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to.---- Ha! what ſhout is this? [*ſhout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not----

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Martius, *with Attendants.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break;
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſie worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which

Great

Great nature cries, deny not. Let the *Volſcians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct: but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not ſay,
For that, forgive our *Romans*.---- O a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.---- You Gods I pray,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink my knee i'th' earth; [*kneels.*
Of the deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Vol. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while, [*kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility to make

What

What cannot be ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of *Poplicola*:
The moon of *Rome*, chaſte as the iſicle,
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple: dear *Valeria*-----
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, [*ſhewing young* Martius.
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Cor. The God of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtick i'th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee.
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my ſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: deſire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. Oh, no more: no more:
You've ſaid you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing elſe to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,

That if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs; therefore hear us.
Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volſcians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—— Your requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We've lead ſince thy exile. Think with thy ſelf,
How more unfort'nate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our hearts flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee,
The ſon, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack, or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets, or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and childrens blood. For my ſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I can't perſwade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner

March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Virg. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires no child nor woman's face to see:
I've sate too long.
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby do destroy
The *Volscians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poysonous of your honour. No; our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while the *Volscians*
May say, this mercy we have shew'd; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, be blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses:
Whose chronicle thus writ, 'the man was noble----
'But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
'Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
'To th' ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,
And yet to change thy sulphur with a bolt,

That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' ſtocks. Thou'ſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſie;
When ſhe (poor hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home
Loaden with honour. Say my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: but if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To his ſir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end,
This is the laſt. So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a *Volſcian* to his mother:
His wife is in *Corioli*, and his child
Like him by chance; yet give us our diſpatch:
I'm huſht until our city be afire,
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother! [*Holds her by the hands, ſilent.*
What have you done? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene

They

They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to *Rome*:
But for your ſon, believe it, oh believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. Let it come:-----
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be ſworn you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O mother! wife!

Auf. I'm glad thou'ſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
My ſelf a former fortune. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you ſhall bear [*To* Vol. Virg. *&c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us: ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ROME.

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' capitol, yond corner ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But I ſay there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Martius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us.

Men.

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe;
The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all ſwearing, if
The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the ſun dance. Hark you. [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full: of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats

I'd

I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound ſtill with the ſhouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two ſenators with ladies paſſing over the ſtage, with other lords.

Sen. Behold our patroneſs, the life of *Rome*:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, welcome ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome ladies, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

[*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE V.

ANTIUM.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. GO tell the lords o'th' city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuſe
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.

Enter

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *faction.*

Moſt welcome.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoyſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir,
If you do hold the ſame intent, wherein
You wiſh'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping-----

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Preſented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chuſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,

My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; hop'd to reap the fame
Which he did make all his; and took ſome pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; 'till at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, nor partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and at laſt
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory-----

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him:
At a few drops of womens rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along,
After your way, his tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're moſt welcome home.
Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think
Might have found eaſie fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; admits no excuſe.
Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

SCENE VI.

Enter Coriolanus *marching with drums and colours, the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords; I am return'd, your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome*: our ſpoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoiſe a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no leſs honour to the *Antiates*
Than ſhame to th' *Romans:* and we here deliver,
Subſcribed by the Conſuls and Patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'th' Senate, what

We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords.
But tell the traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!---- how now!----

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Martius.*

Cor. Martius!----

Auf. Ay, *Martius, Caius Martius*; doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtoln name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli?*
You lords and head o'th' ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city *Rome*,
I ſay your city, to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and reſolution like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk, never admitting
Counſel o'th' war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars?*

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O ſlave!----
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I'm forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie; and his own notion,
Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him, that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave, ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! falſe hound!----
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy!----

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him dye for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my ſon, my daughter, kill'd my couſin,
He kill'd my father.

2 *Lord.* Peace,---- no outrage---- peace----
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'th' earth; his laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With ſix *Aufidius's*, or more; his tribe;
To uſe my lawful ſword----

Auf. Inſolent villain.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The conſpirators all draw, and kill* Martius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble lords, hear me ſpeak.

1 *Lord.* O, *Tullus*----

2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him---- maſters all, be quiet,
Put up your ſwords.

Auf.

Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt noble coarſe, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow: take him up:
Help three o'th' chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Martius. *A dead march ſounded.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS Cæſar.
Octavius Cæſar.
M. Antony.
Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Flavius,
Murellus,
} *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.
Artemidorus, *a Sooth-ſayer.*
Meſſala,
Titinius,
} *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Cinna, *the Poet.*
Lucius, *Servant to* Brutus.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *for the three firſt acts and beginning of the fourth in* Rome, *for the remainder of the fourth near* Sardis, *for the fifth in the fields of* Philippi.

JULIUS

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

ENCE; home you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? ſpeak what trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You Sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman I am but as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mur. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſawcy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day?
Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their ſhooes, to get my ſelf into more work. But indeed, Sir, we make holy-day to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice!---what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey?* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome?*
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?

And

And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone-----
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort,
Draw them to *Tyber* bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all. [*Exeunt Commoners.*
See where their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd,
They vaniſh'd tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the feaſt of *Lupercal.*

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers pluckt from *Cæſar*'s wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cæſar, Antony *for the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Soothſayer*; *after them* Murellus *and* Flavius.

Cæſ. Calphurnia.
Caſc. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia.
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius'* way,
When he doth run his courſe ---- *Antonius.*
Ant. Cæſar, my lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our elders ſay,
The barren touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril courſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſc. Bid every noiſe be ſtill; peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſs that calls on me?
I hear a tongue ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſooth-ſayer bids you beware the ides of *March.*
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.

Sooth.

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March.*

Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.

[*Exeunt.* *Manent* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

SCENE III.

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?

Bru. Not I.

Caſ. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gameſom; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius*, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

Caſ. *Brutus*, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friends that love you.

Bru. *Caſſius*,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number *Caſſius* be you one,
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Caſ. Then *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion,
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Bru.

Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the eye ſees not it ſelf,
But by reflection from ſome other things.
Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into my ſelf,
For that which is not in me?
Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And ſince you know you cannot ſee your ſelf
So well as by reflection; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to your ſelf
That of your ſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs my ſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flouriſh and ſhout.*
Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the people
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.
Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?

What

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I my ſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point? upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow; ſo indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſie.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, Help me *Caſſius*, or I ſink.
I, as *Æneas*, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: and this man
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is

A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a feaver when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake,
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd----give me ſome drink, *Titinius*-----
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.

Caſ. 'Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
'Like a *Coloſſus*, and we petty men
'Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
'To find our ſelves diſhonourable graves.
'Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
'The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our ſtars,
'But in our ſelves, that we are underlings.
'*Brutus*, and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
'Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
'Write them together; yours is as fair a name;
'Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
'Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'*Brutus* will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
'Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
'Upon what meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,

'That

'That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
'*Rome*, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
'When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
'But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
'When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
'That her wide walls incompaſt but one man? *
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not ſo (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

* —— but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, *&c.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.
Bru. I will do ſo: but look you, *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train,
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conference with ſome ſenators.
Caſ. *Caſca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonius.*
Ant. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
'Yet if my name were liable to fear,
'I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
'So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much,
'He is a great obſerver, and he looks
'Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
'As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick:
'Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
'As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit

'That

'That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
'Such men as he be never at hearts eaſe,
'Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves,
'And therefore are they very dangerous.
'I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
'Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

SCENE V.

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak, would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca*.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a

crown, yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But ſoft I pray you; what, did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt *Caſca*; we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſe to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: If I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I ſtood, cry'd, alas, good ſoul---and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed

to

to be taken of them, if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their mothers they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away.

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek.*

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, if I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, *Caſca?*

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo: farewel both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeneſs is a ſawce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetites.

Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo: 'till then, think of the world. [*Exit* Brutus.

Well

Well *Brutus*, thou art noble: yet I ſee
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd, therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me.---- I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name. Wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caſca, *his ſword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cic. GOOD even, *Caſca*; brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?

Caſc. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heav'n,

Or

Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſc. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I ha' not ſince put up my ſword)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gaſtly women
Transformed with their fear, who ſwore they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Houting and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons, they are natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſc. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caſca*; this diſturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Caſc. Farewel, *Cicero*. [*Exit* Cicero.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?
Caſc. A *Roman.*
Caſ. *Caſca*, by your voice.
Caſc. Your ear is good. *Caſſius*, what night is this?
Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.
Caſc. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?
Caſ. Thoſe that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſca*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heav'n, I did preſent my ſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.
Caſc. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.
Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties

To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy ſelf or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſc. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius?*

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have † thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But woe the while, our fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers ſpirits,
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſc. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his crown by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. 'I know where I will wear this dagger then.
'*Caſſius* from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
'Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
'Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
'Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
'Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
'Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
'But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
'Never lacks power to diſmiſs it ſelf.
'If I know this; know all the world beſides,
'That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
'I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

† *manners* or *capacities.*

Caſc. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſc. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To under-go, with me, an enterprize,
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s porch. For now this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element
Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter

Enter Cinna.

Caſc. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.
Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*
Caſ. No, it's *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes you are.
O *Caſſius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party----
Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus'* ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bad me.
Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre. [*Exit* Cinna.
Come *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Caſc. O, he ſits high in all the peoples hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night, and ere day
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A GARDEN.

Enter Brutus.

WHAT *Lucius!* ho!-----
I cannot, by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day-----*Lucius*, I ſay!
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay! what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd-----
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking: crown him----that-----
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins

Remorſe

Remorſe from power: and to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
'That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
'Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
'But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
'He then unto the ladder turns his back,
'Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
'By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous:
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up, and I am ſure
It did not lye there, when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow, boy, the firſt of *March?*

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light; that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelf:*
Shall Rome,----*ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt: awake.*
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,

Where

Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome----- thus muſt I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* ſtand under one man's awe? what, *Rome?*
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs---- am I entreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome!* I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is waſted fifteen days. [*knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, ſome body knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept----
'Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
'And the firſt motion, all the interim is
'Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
'The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
'Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
'Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then,
'The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Caſſius* at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their ---- are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaths,
That by no means I may diſcover them,
By any mark of favour.

Bru.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monſtrous viſage? ſeek none, conſpiracy,
Hide it in ſmiles and affability:
For if thou march, thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelf were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Caſ. I think we are too bold upon your reſt;
Good morrow, *Brutus*; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I theſe men that come along with you? [*Aſide.*
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh
You had but that opinion of your ſelf,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius.*
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, *Decius Brutus.*
Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This, *Caſca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this *Metellus Cimber.*
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the day break here?
Caſc. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.
Caſc. You ſhall confeſs that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,

Nor

Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits;
To think, that or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath. When ev'ry drop of blood
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Caſ. But what of *Cicero?* ſhall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Caſc. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy mens voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſc. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar?*

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæſar*.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers:
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar!* but, alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carkaſs fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.

Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæſar*-----

Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf take thought, and die for *Cæſar*.
And that were much he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæſar* will come forth to-day, or no:

For

For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
(Quite from the main opinion he held once)
Of fantaſie, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays he does; being then moſt flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* hatred,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſ. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And friends! diſperſe your ſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew your ſelves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes,
But bear it as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy;

And ſo good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* faſt aſleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy-dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſie care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

SCENE III.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at ſupper
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,

As

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholſom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? no, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy? and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you? for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I your ſelf,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you? dwell I but in the ſuburbs

Of

Of your good pleaſure? if it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo husbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving my ſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,
And by and by thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the characterry of my ſad brows.
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius*,

To

To wear a kerchief? would you were not ſick!
Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.
Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou like an exorciſt haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible,
Yet get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. *Enter* Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
Help, ho; they murder *Cæſar.* Who's within?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord.

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Ser. I will my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battel † hurtled in the air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen,
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæſ.

† hurtled, *or* skirmiſh'd.

Cæſ. 'Cowards die many times before their deaths,
'The valiant never taſte of death but once:
'Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
'It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear:
'Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
'Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear. *

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-houſe,
And he will ſay you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

SCENE V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

* —— to-day for fear:
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
We heard two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas, &c.

Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail! good-morrow, worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is falſe, and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day; tell them ſo, *Decius.*
Cal. Say he is ſick.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtrecht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them *Cæſar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night ſhe ſaw my ſtatue,
Which like a fountain, with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will ſtay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood, and that great men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance.

This

This by *Calphurnia*'s dream is ſignify'd.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
'Break up the Senate 'till another time,
'When *Cæſar*'s wife ſhall meet with better dreams:
If *Cæſar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, *Cæſar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæſar*, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna, *and* Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius*.
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good-morrow, *Caſca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a-clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-night,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day,
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæſar*, I will; and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.

Cæſ. Good friends go in, and taſte ſome wine with me,
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*, [*Aſide.*
The heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The STREET.

Enter Artemidorus *reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Caſſius, *come not near* Caſca, *have an eye to* Cinna, *truſt not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou beeſt not immortal, look about thee: ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy lover *Artemidorus*.

Here will I ſtand, 'till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this:

My

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the ſenate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my errand, Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhouldſt do there----
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Pr'ythee liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither fellow, which way haſt thou been?
Art. At mine own houſe, good lady.

Por.

Por. What is't a clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Art. That I have, lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to defend himſelf.
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?
Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear,
Good-morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng that follows *Cæſar* at the heels
Of Senators, of Prætors, common ſuitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in---- aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*
The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a ſuit
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The CAPITOL.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, *and the Sooth-ſayers.*

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæſar*: read this ſchedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth deſire you to o'er-read,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.

Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.

Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wiſh your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Caſ. What enterprize, *Popilius?*

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*

Caſ. He wiſh'd to-day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæſar*; mark him.

Caſ. *Caſca*, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus,

Brutus, what ſhall be done? if this be known,
Caſſius or *Cæſar* never ſhall turn back,
For I will ſlay my ſelf.

Bru. *Caſſius* be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſes,
For look he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.

Caſ. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar*.

Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. *Caſca*, you are the firſt that rears your hand.

Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?

Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.

Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*;
Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curtſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſar*'s ear,

For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæſar*;
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæſ. What *Brutus!*----

Caſ. Pardon, *Cæſar, Cæſar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber.*

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar. *
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O *Cæſar*-----

Cæſ. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæſar*-----

Cæſ. Do not, *Brutus*, bootleſs kneel.

Caſc. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

Cæſ. Et tu? Brute!---- then fall *Cæſar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead----
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets----

Caſ. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.

Bru. People and Senators! be not affrighted;

* ——— northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The ſkies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me, *&c.*

Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.

Caſc. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of *Cæſar*'s Should chance----

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius*.

Caſ. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the people
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

SCENE II.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where's *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

† *Caſc.* Stoop *Romans*, ſtoop,

† *In all the editions this ſpeech is aſcrib'd to* Brutus, *than which nothing is more inconſiſtent with his mild and philoſophical character. But (as I often find ſpeeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the firſt-publiſh'd by the author) I think this liberty not unreaſonable.*

And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry peace! freedom! and liberty!

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh---- how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood.*
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted o'er,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Caſc. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Bru. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt bold, and the beſt hearts of *Rome.*

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Ser. A friend of *Antony*'s.
Thus, *Brutus*, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [*kneeling.*
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd

How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Through the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and by my honour
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

SCENE III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?---fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I ſhall not find my ſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no means of death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
Our arms [a] exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all---- alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,

That

[a] *in ſtrength of malice.*

That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh 'tis true;
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*----- here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart,
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy [b] death. *

Caſ. Mark Antony-----

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius*;
The enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons
Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.

[b] *Lethe.*

* ——— in thy death
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this indeed, O world, the hart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lye?
Caſ. Mark Antony, &c.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the ſon of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony*.
Caſ. *Brutus*, a word with you-----
You know not what you do, do not conſent [*Aſide.*
That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will my ſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take your *Cæſar*'s body:
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you do't by our permiſſion:
You ſhall not elſe have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo;

I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war.
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
And *Cæſar*'s Spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth-----
O *Cæſar!* [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching, for mine eyes
Seeing thoſe beds of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Ser. He lyes to-night within ſeven leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have born this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE V.

The FORUM.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra. Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. WE will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet, [friends.
And part the numbers:
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered

Of *Cæsar*'s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exeunt* Cassius, *with some of the* Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and ᶜ Friends! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. ' If there be any in this assembly, any dear ' friend of *Cæsar*'s, to him I say, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæsar* was ' no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* ' rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* ' less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were ' living, and dye all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live ' all free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was ' fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; ' but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his ' love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for ' his ambition. Who's here so base that would be a bond-man? ' if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, ' that would not be a *Roman?* if any, speak; for him have I ' offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? ' if any, speak; for him have I offended.----- I pause for a reply-----

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended---- I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæſar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony:* who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the ſame dagger for my ſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæſar.*

4 *Pleb.* *Cæſar*'s better parts
Shall now be crown'd in *Brutus.*

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe
With ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen-----

2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s glories, which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony.*

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' ſake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus'* ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.
1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*-----
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears;
'I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
'The evil that men do, lives after them,
'The good is oft interred with their bones;
'So let it be with *Cæſar!* noble *Brutus*
'Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
'If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault,
'And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
'Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
'(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
'So are they all, all honourable men)
'Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
'He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
'But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
'And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
'He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
'Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
'Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
'When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
'Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
'Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious,
'And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
'You all did ſee, that at the *Lupercal*

'I

'I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
'Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
'Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious,
'And ſure he is an honourable man.
'I ſpeak not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
'But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
'You all did love him once, not without cauſe,
'What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
'O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
'And men have loſt their reaſon---- bear with me,
'My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
'And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong. *

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his [place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown,
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. 'But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
'Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,

* *Cæſar* has had great wrong.
3 *Pleb. Cæſar* had never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.
If ever there was ſuch a line written by Shakeſpear, *I ſhou'd fancy it might have its place here, and very humorouſly in the character of a* Plebeian. *One might believe* Ben Johnſon's *remark was made upon no better credit than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the beginning of the third act,*
Know *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfy'd———
But the verſe as cited by Ben Johnſon *does not connect with*— Will he be ſatisfy'd. *Perhaps this play was never printed in* Ben Johnſon's *time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleas'd to ſpeak it.*

'And

'And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
'O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
'Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
'I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
'Who, you all know, are honourable men.
'I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
'To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelf and you,
'Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
'But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
'I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his Will,
'Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
'(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
'And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s wounds,
'And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
'Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
'And dying, mention it within their wills,
'Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
'Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it *Mark Antony.*

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. 'Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it,
'It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
'You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men:
'And being men, hearing the will of *Cæſar*,
'It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
''Tis good you know not that you are his *heirs*,
'For if you ſhould---- O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony*:
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. 'Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
'(I have o'er-ſhot my ſelf to tell you of it.)
'I fear I wrong the honourable men,
'Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*---- I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors---- honourable men!
All. The will! the teſtament!
2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the will! read the will!
Ant. 'You will compel me then to read the will?
'Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæſar*,
'And let me ſhew you him that made the will.
'Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*----moſt noble *Antony!*
Ant. Nay preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.
All. Stand back---- room---- bear back----
Ant. 'If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
'You all do know this mantle; I remember
'The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent.
'That day he overcame the *Nervii*----
'Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius'* dagger through---
'See what a rent the envious *Caſca* made----
'Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
'And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
'Mark how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
'For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar*'s angel.
'Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him!
'This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
'For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
'Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors arms,
'Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:

'And

'And in his mantle muffling up his face,
'Even at the baſe of *Pompey*'s ſtatue,
'(Which all the while ran blood,) great *Cæſar* fell.
'O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
'Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
'Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
'O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
'The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
'Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
'Our *Cæſar*'s veſture wounded? look you here!
'Here is himſelf, marr'd as you ſee by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about---ſeek---burn---fire---kill----ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen-----

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony.*

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with him-----

Ant. 'Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
'To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
'They that have done this deed, are honourable.
'What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
'That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable;
'And will no doubt with reaſons anſwer you.
'I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
'I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
'But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
'That love my friend; and that they know full well,
'That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him:

'For

' For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
' Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
' To ſtir mens blood; I only ſpeak right on.
' I tell you that which you your ſelves do know,
' Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
' And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
' And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
' Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
' In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
' The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny-----

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Moſt true----the will---- let's ſtay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſeveral man, ſev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar!* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæſar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards
On this ſide *Tiber*, he hath left them you.
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*, when comes ſuch another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work; miſchief thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt----- How now, fellow?

Enter a ſervant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar,*
And things unluckily charge my fantaſie;
I have no will to wander forth of doors.
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly; wiſely, I ſay ----- I am a batchellor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to peices, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come brands ho, firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s houſe, And ſome to *Caska*'s, ſome to *Ligarius:* away, go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too muſt die; conſent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* ſhall not live,
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot, I damn him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe;
Fetch the will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,

To

To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which out of uſe and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things----*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies,
And ſome that ſmile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's *tent, in the camp near* Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, *and ſoldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.

Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus,*
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*-----
How he receiv'd you let me be reſolv'd.

Luc. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances;
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius,*
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle,

But

But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with *Caſſius.* [*Low march within.*

Enter Caſſius *and ſoldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Caſ. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! ſpeak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Caſ. Moſt noble brother! you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?
Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them -----
Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent *Caſſius* enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like, and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

*SCENE III.

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man,) was ſlighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold
To undeſervers.

Caſ. I an iching plam?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeak this,
Or by the Gods this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!-----

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? what, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?-----
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget your ſelf,
To hedge me in, I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your ſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Caſſius*.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelf------
Have mind upon your health------ tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, ſlight man.

Caſ. Is't poſſible?------

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay more. Fret 'till your proud heart break,
Go ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I † budge?
Muſt I oberve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? by the Gods
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way----- you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier, not a better.
Did I ſay better------

† *give way.*

Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not!------
Bru. No
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats,
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirectneſs. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like *Caſſius?*
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready Gods with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!
Caſ. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſ. I did not----- he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back----- *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practiſe them on me.
Caſ. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.
Caſ. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come!
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!----- There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt----- within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a [a]man,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who much inforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

[a] *lamb.*

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Caſ. O *Brutus*!
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſ. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo. *

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

* ——— and leave you ſo.

Enter Lucius *and* Titinius, *and a Poet.*

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet.
They be alone.
Luc. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſ. How now? what's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more years I'm ſure than ye.
Caſ. Ha, ha——— how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſawcy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and *Titinius*, &c.

Caſ.

Caſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry,
Bru. 'O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. 'Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
'If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. 'No man bears ſorrow better----- *Portia*'s dead.
Caſ. 'Ha! *Portia!*------
Bru. 'She is dead!
Caſ. 'How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: for with her death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius.* [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Meſſala!*
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Oh *Portia!* art thou gone?

Bru.

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.
Meſ. My ſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenure.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by proſcriptions, and bills of outlawry
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. *Cicero* one?------
Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her, in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel *Portia*---- we muſt die, *Meſſala*.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?

Caſ.

Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy ſeek us,
So ſhall we waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother------
Bru. Under your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe,
The enemy encreaſeth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
'Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
'Omitted, all the voyage of their life
'Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
'On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float,
'And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
'Or loſe our ventures.
Caſ. Then with your will, go on; we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature muſt obey neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.

Caſ. No more; good-night;------
Early to-morrow we will riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown; farewel, good *Meſſala*,
Good-night, *Titinius:* noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good-night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill begnning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls;
Let it not, *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Meſſa. Good-night, lord *Brutus!*

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and *Claudius!*

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,

On

On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius*.

Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.

Bru. I will not have it ſo; lye down, good Sirs:
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was ſure your lordſhip did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.

Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of reſt.

Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a Song.*
This is a ſleepy tune----- O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick? gentle knave, good-night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.
But let me ſee, is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? here it is, I think. [*He ſits down to read.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!----- ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition------
It comes upon me----- Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then I ſhall ſee thee again------

Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then-----
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt,
Ill ſpirit; I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks he ſtill is at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!------

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo criedſt out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; ſirrah, *Claudius*, fellow!
Thou! awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſw'ring before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battel is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battel ſoftly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.

Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battel?

Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.

Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*

Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, long live, hail *Cæſar.*

Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.

Ant. Not ſtingleſs too. *

Bru. You threat before you ſting.

Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar.*
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

* ——— ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too.
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! *&c.*

And

And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caska*, like a cur, behind
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Caſ. Flatterers! now *Brutus* thank your ſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?
Never 'till *Cæſar*'s three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. Cæſar, thou canſt not die by traitors hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus*' ſword.

Bru. O if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.

Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field,
If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exe.* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*

SCENE III.

Caſ. Why now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark:
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru.

Bru. *Lucilius*,----hark a word with you.

[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*

Luc. My lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.

Caſ. *Meſſala.*

Meſ. What ſays my General?

Caſ. *Meſſala*,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my witneſs, that againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battel all our liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their ſteads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.

Meſ. Believe not ſo.

Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril, very conſtantly.

Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius.*

Caſ. Now moſt noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.

But

But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battel, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himſelf; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life, arming my ſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.

Caſ. Then if we loſe this battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Along the ſtreets of *Rome*.

Bru. 'No, *Caſſius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
'That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
'He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
'Muſt end that work the Ides of *March* begun.
'And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not;
'Therefore our everlaſting farewel take;
'For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
'If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile;
'If not, why then this parting was well made.

Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. 'Why then lead on. O that a man might know
'The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!
'But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
'And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, ride and give theſe bills
Unto the legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off my lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.
Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run its compaſs. Now what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my lord!

Caſ. What news?

Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur,
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light---- oh he lights too----
He's ta'en---- and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*

Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither ſirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman, and with this good ſword
That ran though *Cæſar*'s bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer; here take thou the hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword---*Cæſar* thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So, I am free, yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. Oh *Caſſius*,

Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Caſſius'* legions are by *Antony*.
Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſ. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.
Meſ. Is not that he, that lyes upon the ground?
Tit. He lyes not like the living. Oh my heart!
Meſ. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more! Oh ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius'* day is ſet;
The ſun of *Rome* is ſet! our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'd;
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? where art thou, *Pindarus*?
Meſ. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his ears; I may ſay, thruſting it;

For

For piercing ſteel and darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this fight.
Tit. Hye you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit* Meſſ.
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius!*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.
By your leave, Gods----- This is a *Roman*'s part. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Come *Caſſius*' ſword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſ. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius*' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look if he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius?*
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
It is impoſſible that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*, I ſhall find time-----
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His funeral ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius* come,
And come young *Cato*, let us to the field.
Labio and *Flavius* ſet our battels on.
'Tis three a clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Field of Battel.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. YET countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter ſoldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I
Brutus my country's friend; know me for *Brutus.* [*Exit.*
Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s ſon.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold.

Sold. We muſt not. A Noble priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell thee news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus:*
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth; keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And ſee if *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, *Clitus* ----- [*Whiſpering.*

Cli. What I, my lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli.

Cli. I'll rather kill my ſelf.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*
Dar. I do ſuch a deed?
Cli. Oh *Dardanius!*
Dar. Oh *Clitus!*
Cli. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.
Vol. What ſays my lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;
The ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this laſt night, here in *Philippi-Fields.*
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not ſo, my lord.
Bru. Nay I am ſure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum ſtill.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you, and you; and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, countrymen;
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,

More

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus'* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum Cry within, fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly------

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pry'thee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy lord,
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in't.
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt-----fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*----*Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.

[*He runs on his ſword and dies.*

SCENE IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, *and the army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Meſ. My maſter's man. *Strato*, where is thy maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* ſaying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra.

Stra. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala.*
Meſ. How died my lord, *Strato?*
Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.
Meſ. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.
Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæſar*:
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man!
Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him,
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.

Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Decretas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
} *Friends and Followers of* Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thidias,
} *Friends to* Cæſar.

Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
} *Friends to* Pompey.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes,
} *Servants to* Cleopatra.

A Soothſayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony,

Charmian,
Iras,
} *Ladies attending on* Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſpers'd in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, †reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypſy's luſt. Look where they come!

Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him,
The tripple pillar of the world transform'd

† reneges. *renounces.*

Into a ſtrumpet's fool. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a † bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, my good lord, from *Rome.*

Ant. It grates me. Tell the ſum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it *Antony.*

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore hear it, *Antony.*
Where's *Fulvia*'s proceſs? *Cæſar*'s? I'd ſay, both?
Call in the meſſengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager: ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The meſſengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd empire fall; here is my ſpace,
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world to † weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!

Why

† bourn. *bound or limit.* † *to* weet. *to know.*

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool I am not. *Antony*
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*,
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: what ſport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No meſſenger but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their train.*

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Sooth-ſayer.*

Char. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd

to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this husband, which you ſay, muſt change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his [a] preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune. Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage. Find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children ſhall have no names; Pr'ythee how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,

And

[a] *patience*

And foretold every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out fool, I forgive thee for a witch

Alex. You think none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to-night, ſhall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nylus* preſageth famine.

Iras. Go you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Pr'ythee tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how----- give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I; where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my husband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, his fortune, his fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good *Iſis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee.

Char. Amen, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Iras. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh, here comes *Antony.*
Char. Not he, the Queen.
Cleo. Saw you my lord?
Eno. No, lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, madam.
Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
A *Roman* thought had ſtruck him. *Enobarbus.*
Eno. Madam.
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*
Alex. Here at your ſervice, my lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [*Exeunt.*
Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife firſt came into the field.
Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*
Meſ. Ay, but ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar,*
Whoſe better iſſue in the war of *Italy,*
Upon the firſt encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worſt?
Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; on.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear as if he flatter'd.
Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiff news)

Hath,

Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Aſia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilſt-----

Ant. *Antony* thou wouldſt ſay.

Meſ. Oh, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue,
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licenſe, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye ſtill, and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.

Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.

Ant. From *Sicyon* how the news? ſpeak there.

Meſ. The man from *Sicyon*, is there ſuch an one?

Attend. He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear;
Theſe ſtrong *Ægyptian* fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe my ſelf in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Meſſenger with a letter.

2 *Meſ.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

2 *Meſ.* In *Sicyon*,
Her length of ſickneſs with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.
There's a great ſpirit gone! thus I deſir'd it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelf; ſhe's good being gone,

The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this *Ægyptian* Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus?*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them, if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing, though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noiſe of this dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears: they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as *Jove.*

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant.

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice: when it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the tailor of the earth (comforting him therein) that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation, your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broach'd here in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more [b]light anſwers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her [c] leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The empire of the ſea. Our ſlipp'ry people,
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
'Till his deſerts are paſt,) begin to throw
Pompey the great and all his dignities
Upon his ſon; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,

[b] *like* [c] *love.*

Which like the † courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's.
I did not ſend you. If you find him ſad,
Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear,
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony.*

Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian,* I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature [*Seeming to faint.*
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant.

† *Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.*

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen.
Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know by that ſame eye there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman? you may go;
Would ſhe had never given you leave to come;
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.
Ant. The Gods beſt know.
Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true.
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* riotous madneſs!
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing.
Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen.
Cleo. Nay pray you ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: no going then,
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,
Bliſs in our brows bent, none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt ſoldier of the world
Art turn'd the greater liar.
Ant. How now, lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in *Egypt.*
Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices awhile; but my full heart

Remains

Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*.
Equality of two domeſtick pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy ſoveraign leiſure read
The garboyls ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
See when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhou'dſt fill
With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices, by the fire
That quickens *Nilus*' [d] ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come,
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,

And

[d] *ſmile*

And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable tryal.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay the tears
Belong to *Ægypt.* Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling, let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by my ſword----
Cleo. And target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Look pr'ythee, *Charmian,*
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it,
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it.
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony,*
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs it ſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you. On your ſword
Sit lawrell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs

Be ſtrew'd before your feet.

Ant. Let us go: come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar *reading a letter*, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

Cæſ. YOU may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural voice, to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revels; not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think that h'had partners.
You ſhall find there a man, who is the abſtract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchaſt; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet

With

With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay this becomes him;
As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh, yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the drineſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at ſea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar:* to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, [c]laſhing the varying tide
To rot it ſelf with motion.

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,

[c] *lacking.*

Make the ſea ſerve them, which they † ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt.
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge.
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now,)
Was born ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it that we twain
Did ſhew our ſelves i'th' field, and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,

To

† Ear, *or* are, *from* aro, *to plow.*

To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
'Tis my buſineſs too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel my lord,
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt not, I knew it for my bond. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. CHarmian.
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha----- give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou eunuch, *Mardian?*
Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt.* Haſt thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my ſerpent of old *Nile*,
For ſo he calls me; now I feed my ſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Soveraign of *Ægypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl. His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friends, quoth he,
Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece

Her

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extreams
Of hot and cold, he was not ſad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided diſpoſition;
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?

Char. Oh that brave *Cæſar!*

Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis,
Say the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.

Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

Cleo.

Cleo. My ſallad days!
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then. But come away,
Get me ink and paper,
He ſhall have every day ſeveral greetings, or I'll unpeople *Ægypt.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. While we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Men. We, ignorant of our ſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My powers are creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets mony where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,

Of

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip;
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both,
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs-----

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?
Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The near luſt-wearied *Antony*.
Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,

His

His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

ROME.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. GOOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t' entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.

Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But pray you ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony.*

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæſar.*

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*----
Hark, *Ventidius.*
Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecænas,* ask *Agrippa.*
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then noble partners,
The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*
Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome.*
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir.
Cæſ. Nay then.
Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should ſay my ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their conteſtation
Was theam for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reporters
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? of this my letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelf,
By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,

I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboiles, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you muſt,
But ſay I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did [a]gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelf, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak,
The honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The article of my oath.

Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected rather:
And then when poiſon'd hours had bound me up

[a] *beg*

From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which my self, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O'th' world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower.

Cæs.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your proof were
Well deſerved of raſhneſs.
Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*; let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife; whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a husband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?
Cæſ. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.
Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would ſay *Agrippa*, be it ſo,)
To make this good?
Cæſ. The power of *Cæſar*,
And his power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment; let me have thy hand
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,

And ſway our great deſigns.

Cæſ. There's my hand:
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again.

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Cæſ. About the *Mount-Miſenum.*

Ant. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſ. Great, and increaſing:
But by ſea he is an abſolute maſter.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſte we for it,
Yet ere we put our ſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs.
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas*, my honourable friend *Agrippa*.

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Eno. Ay Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelve perſons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but a flie by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with 'em; th' oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lye
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her

Stood

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That [b] yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated. Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed,
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet.
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,

That

[b] yearly. Yarely *among ſailors is uſed as* nimbly.

That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom [c] stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is † riggish.
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make your self my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good-night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good-night, dear lady.
Oct. Good-night, Sir.
Cæs. Good-night. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.

[c] *steal.* † riggish. *ramping. wanton.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now ſirrah! do you wiſh your ſelf in *Ægypt?*

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in my motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortune ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's. Therefore, oh *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide. Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, where *Cæſar*'s is not. But near him thy angel becomes a fear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and of that natural luck
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*; be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battel ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quailes ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;

And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*,

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your ſelves no farther: pray you haſten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony* will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.

Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about,
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.

Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. GIVE me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come *Charmian.*
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah ha; you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!----- oh times!-----
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn
Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippan.* Oh from *Italy.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam! madam!-----
Cleo. Antony's dead?
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,

If

If thou ſo yield him. There is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Meſ. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not [d] captive to him,
I'll ſee thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet, Madam-----

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it do's allay
The good precedence, fie upon *but yet*,
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The

[d] *captain.*

The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health thou ſay'ſt, and thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſ. Free, Madam! no: I have made no ſuch ſport.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee.
[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wyre, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Meſ. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*

Meſ. Nay then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt.
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and[c] kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents. Call the ſlave again,
Though

[c] *kindled*

Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than my ſelf: ſince I my ſelf
Have given my ſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee, doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lie, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, would thou didſt:
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: he is married.
Meſ. I crave your highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married.
Meſ. Take no offence, for I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of. Get thee hence,
The merchandiſes thou haſt brought from *Rome*
Are all too dear for me:

Lye

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em. [*Exit Meſ.*

Char. Good your highneſs patience.

Cleo. In praiſing *Antony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*----'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go----let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Coaſt of Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas *at one door with drum and trumpet*: *At another* Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with ſoldiers marching.*

Pom. YOUR hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.

Cæſ. Moſt meet
That firſt we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.

Pom.

Pom. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon and friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,)
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made thee all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have but one man, a man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my navy. At whoſe burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpiteful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent now you talk,)
The offers we have ſent you-----

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer

Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience: though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling; you muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'th' Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well I know not
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face,
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart a vaſſal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope ſo *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.

Cæſ. That's the next to do.

Pom.

Pom. We'll feaſt each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots? who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But firſt or laſt, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that *Julius Cæſar*
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried----
Eno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a matreſs.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou, ſoldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much,
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Enob. *and* Menas.
Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At ſea, I think,

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No ſlander, they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cæſar*'s ſiſter is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now ſhe is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſie ſo.

Men. I think the policy of that purpoſe, made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find the band that ſeems

to

to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very [f]ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is. He married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Pompey's *Galley*.

Muſick plays. Enter two or three ſervants with a banquet.

1 *Ser.* HERE they'll be, man: ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to

[f] *eſtranger.*

to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. *Enter* Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale, i'th' pyramid; they know
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth
Or foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun; ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy*'s pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me 'till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like it ſelf, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs.

It

It lives by that which nouriſheth it, and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from the ſtool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? be jolly, lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pom. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
What e'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors

Are

Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me 'tis villany,
In thee 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour it: repent that e'er thy tongue,
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*

Ant. Bear him aſhoar, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey.*

Eno. Here's to thee *Menas.*

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a [g] ſtrong fellow, *Menas.* [*Pointing to* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all, that it might go on wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels hoa.
Here is to *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. I could well forbear it,
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant.

[g] *ſtrange.*

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,
The while I'll place you, then the boy ſhall ſing.
The holding every man ſhall beat as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus *with pink eyne,*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the world go round,
Cup us 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey,* good-night. Good brother
Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part,
You ſee we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words; good night.
Good *Antony,* your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the ſhoar.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you [h] hate my father's houſe.
But what, we're friends? come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on ſhoar.
No, to my cabin----- theſe drums!
Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.
[*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo ſays a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa, noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A CAMP.

Enter Ventidius *in Triumph, the dead body of* Pacorus *born before him,* Roman *ſoldiers and attendants.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW darting *Parthia* art thou ſtruck, and now
Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Rom. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither

The

[h] *have.*

The routed fly. So thy grand captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
(The ſoldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.
Rom. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
A ſoldier and his ſword grants ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*,
Ven. I'll humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
That ne'er-yet beaten horſe of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. Paſs along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ROME.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæſar* is ſad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubled
With the green-ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus.*

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæſar.*

Agr. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*

Eno. *Cæſar?* why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter?*

Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar?* oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay, *Cæſar*, go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number; ho,
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder----

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle, ſo----
This is to horſe; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. You take from me a great part of my ſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortune of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be certain curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends:
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort; fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother.

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes, it is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's houſe; and---

Cæſ. What *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down-feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno.

Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a horſe;
So is he being a man.
Agr. Why, *Enobarbus?*
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
He cryed almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.
Eno. That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't 'till I weep too.
Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love.
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæſ. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way.
Cæſ. Farewel, farewel. [*Kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:
Come thou near.
Meſ. Moſt gracious majeſty.
Cleo. Didſt thou behold *Octavia?*
Meſ. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:
And ſaw her led between her brother and
Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak, ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? oh *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*; dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh!
What majeſty is in her gate? remember
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Not three in *Ægypt* can make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't,

There's

There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For th' moſt part too,
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready,
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is ſo; I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Methinks by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. O nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long.
Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ATHENS.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To publick ear, ſpoke ſcantly of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was given him, he o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, oh bleſs my lord and husband,
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſs my brother. Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe my ſelf; better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelf ſhall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war

Shall ſtain your brother; make your ſooneſt haſte
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord,
The *Jove* of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler: wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

Ero. *Cæſar* having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, preſently denied him rivalty, would not let him partake of the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey.* Upon his own appeal ſeizes him, ſo the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadſt a pair of chaps no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him. Crys, fool *Lepidus*,
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd *Pompey.*

Eno.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more *Domitius*,
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.
Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ROME.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I'th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.
Mec. This in the publick eye?
Cæs. I'th' common shew-place where they exercise,
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings.
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who queaſie with his inſolence already
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæſ. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.
Agr. Whom does he accuſe?
Cæſ. *Cæſar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd, and being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.
Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone:
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia *with attendants.*

Oct. Hail *Cæſar*, and my lord! hail, moſt dear *Cæſar!*
Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away.
Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtoln upon me thus? you come not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way

Should

Should have born men, and expectatiom fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tween his luſt and him.

Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of *Libya*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malichus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,

With

With a more larger liſt of ſcepters.

Oct. Ay me moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.

Cæſ. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome:*
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods
To do you juſtice, make his miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noſes it againſt us.

Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?

Cæſ. It is moſt certain: ſiſter, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt ſiſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ACTIUM.

Enter Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee; doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not we be there in perſon?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*.
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us. A charge we bear i'th' war,
And as the preſident of my kingdom will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done: here comes the emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,

He

He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, ſweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.
Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?
Can. Why will my lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battel at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their ſhips are † yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land,
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up your ſelf meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo.

† yare. *light. nimble.*

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat th' approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?
Meſ. The news is true, my lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.
Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange that his power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip.
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?
Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let th' *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.
Sold. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leaders lead,
And we are womens men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, *Marcus Juſtius*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for ſea:

But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar*'s
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions, as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one *Torus.*

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius.*

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar *with his army, marching.*

Cæſ. Torus?

Tor. My lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battel
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o'th' hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle, from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Canidius *marching with his land army one way over the ſtage, and* Torus *the lieutenant of* Cæſar *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;

† Th'*Antonias,*

† Th' *Antonias*, th' *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty flie, and turn the rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddeſſes, all the whole ſynod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion?
Scar. The greater ‡ cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance, we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Your * ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom leproſie o'ertake) i'th' midſt o'th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;)
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being looſt;
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour ne'er before
Did violate ſo it ſelf.
Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,

† *Th'* Antonias, *&c.* (*which* Plutarch *ſays was the name of* Cleopatra's *ſhip.*)
‡ cantle. *a piece or lump.* * ribauld, *a luxurious ſquanderer.*

And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then good-night indeed.
Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſie to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.
Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe, ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; flie,
And make your peace with *Cæſar.*
Omnes. Fly! not we.
Ant. I've fled my ſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have my ſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it----- oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon,
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them

For

For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraight-way:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now----
Nay, do ſo; for indeed I've loſt command,
Therefore, I pray you----- I'll ſee you by and by. [*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.
Char. Do? why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh *Juno!*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs.
Eros. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Yes my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now----- no matter-----
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen-----
Iras. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me: oh!

Eros.

Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving------

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt?* ſee
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I've left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
The full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhift of lowneſs, who
With half the bulk o'th' world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter, is he come back?

Love,

Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine
Within there, and our viands: fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, *with others.*

Cæſ. LET him appear that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience nor deſire ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This, if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Cæſ. Bring him through the bands: [*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promiſe, [*To* Thidias.
And in our name, when ſhe requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.
Thid. Cæſar, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerve how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.
Thid. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Think, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges

Frighted

Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his captainſhip at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſie,
So ſhe will yield us up.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim,
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coyn, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i'th' comand of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay [a]capariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Our ſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit* Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough: high-battel'd *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder. I ſee mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward

[a] *compariſons*

Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee my women,
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Do's conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i'th' ſtory.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldy.

Thid. So haply are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæſar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: for as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's *Cæſar*'s.

Thid. So.
Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Go on, right royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*

As you did love, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aside.*
Thid. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.
Eno. To be ſure of that,
I will ask *Antony*. Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Eno.
Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him? he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put your ſelf under his ſhrowd, the univerſal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thid. My name is *Thidias*.
Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger;
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.
Thid. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft,

When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

SCENE X.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders.
[*Seeing* Thidias *kiſs her hand.*
What art thou fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd,

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there----ah you kite! now Gods and devils!
Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd hoa!
Like boys unto a [b] muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!
Whip him: were twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here, (what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*)----whip him, fellows-----
'Till like a boy you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark Antony-----

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd
Bring him again, this jack of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear

[b] *a ſcramble.*

Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thidias.
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpresst in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord-----
Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't, the wise Gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s, besides what hotter hours
Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!---- O that I were
Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause.
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being † yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Enter

† *dextrous*

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?
Ser. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd, for following him. Henceforth
The white hand of a lady, feaver thee,
Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him. For he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moſt eaſie 'tis to do't:
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thid.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah dear, if I be ſo,

From

From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life; the next *Ceſario* ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the diſcattering of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I'm ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood,
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But ſince my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on my Queen,
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſwords it fights with: I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas *with his army.* Cæſar *reading a letter.*

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt.* My meſſenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to *Antony.* Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this challenge.

Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make

Make boot of his diſtraction: never anger
Made good guard for it ſelf.
Cæſ. Let our beſt heads know,
That to-morrow the laſt of battels
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done,
And feaſt the army, we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No?
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well,

And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*, that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away, but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay 'till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall; my hearty friends,

You

You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpeake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour, good-night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good-night. [*They meet with other ſoldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you, good-night, good-night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i'th' air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
It ſings well, do's it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace I ſay: what ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do?
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. *Eros*, mine armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? ah, let be, let be, thou art
The armourer of my heart; falſe, falſe; this this,
Sooth-law I'll help: thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now.
Seeſt thou, my good fellow. Go put on thy defences.
Eno. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
To doſ't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good-morrow General.

All. Good-morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lad.
This morning like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come give me that,---this way---well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a man of ſteel. You that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might

Determine

Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then *Antony*---- but now---- well on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony *and* Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Antony*.
Ant. Would thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land.
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee, or from *Cæſar*'s camp
Say, I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæſar*.
Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! diſpatch my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. *Alexas* doth revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perswade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius* and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His

His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: beſt you ſee ſafe the bringer
Out of the hoſt: I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't my ſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. Oh *Antony*,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold. This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!---- no, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I my die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes, I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares behind,
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts; to-morrow
Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn your ſelves all *Hectors.*
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand, [*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great faiery I'll commend thy acts,

Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords,
Oh infinite virtue, com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare, uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We've beat them to their beds. What girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy ſavouring hand;
Kiſs it my warrior: he hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbunkled
Like holy *Phœbus'* car. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together,
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter a Century, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' court of guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattel
By th' ſecond hour i'th' morn.

1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.

Eno. Oh bear me witneſs night!

2 *Watch.* What man is this?

1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. Oh ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar.*

2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath caught him.

[*Drums afar off.*

Hark how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let us bear him to th' court of guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to-day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our foot
Upon the hills adjoyning to the city
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given,
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cæſar, *and his army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which as I take't we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all.
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The augurs
Say, they know not----- they cannot tell----- look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL is loſt!
This foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,

I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands----- all come to this!----- the hearts
That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſ-candy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar:* and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe ſoul of *Ægypt!* this [a] gay charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs.
What *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou ſpell! avant.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. Moſt monſter-like be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone, [*Exit* Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns o'th' moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,

Subdue

[a] *grave.*

Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the young *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield, the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' monument,
There lock your ſelf, and ſend him word you're dead:
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain my ſelf,
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter Antony *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. 'Sometime we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh,
'A vapour ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
'A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
'A forked mountain, or blue promontory
'With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
'And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
'They are black veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. 'That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
'The rack diſlimn's, and makes it indiſtinct

'As

'As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, (for ſhe had mine)
Which whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt! ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph----
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves. Oh the vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, ſawcy eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

Mar. 'Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
'And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do
'Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
'Was *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
'Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
'The name of *Antony*; it was divided
'Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
'Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe

Does

Does pay thy labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off, [*Exit* Mardian.
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe! apace, *Eros*, apace,
No more a ſoldier-----bruiſed pieces go, [*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly born; from me a while, [*Exit* Eros.
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It ſelf with ſtrength; ſeal then and all is done.
Eros!---I come, my Queen---*Eros!*--- ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze;
Dido and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back
With ſhips, made cities; condemn my ſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
I'm conqueror of my ſelf. Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th'inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horrour, that on my command thou then

Wouldſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in my cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me:
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame: whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar* drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emp'ror. Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man, and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant.

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why there then----- [Eros *kills himſelf.*

Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony*'s death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than my ſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A nobleneſs in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus [*Falling on his ſword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?------
The guard-----how!----- oh diſpatch me.

SCENE XI.

Enter Dercetas *and guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is faln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio Lockt in her monument. She had a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found (you did ſuſpect)
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my guard I pr'ythee.

Dio. What ho! the emperor's guard. The guard, what hoa!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcome

Which

Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XII.

A magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony *born by the guard.*

Cleo. O thou ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in! darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o'th' world. O *Antony!*
Help *Charmian*, help *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæſar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himſelf.

Cleo.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis ſo!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Leſt I be taken; not th'imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar*, ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe:
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt eyes
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women, we muſt draw thee up----
Aſſiſt, good friends.
Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's ſport indeed; how heavy weighs my lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The ſtrong-wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come----
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die where thou haſt liv'd,
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. Oh heavy ſight!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife, fortune, break her wheel,

Provok'd

Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety--- oh---
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me,
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius.*
Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt,
None about *Cæſar.*
Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greateſt Prince o'th' world,
The nobleſt once; and now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my ſpirit is going,
I can no more---- [Antony *dies.*
Cleo. Nobleſt of men---- woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o'th' earth doth melt---- my lord!----
Oh wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. Oh quietneſs, lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our ſovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam----
Iras. Royal *Ægypt*! Empreſs!

Char.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

'*Cleo.* No more but a meer woman, and commanded
'By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at th' injurious Gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtoll'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls?--- ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out---- good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend,
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* Menas.

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.
Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall.

Enter Dercetas *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*,
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar:* If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, oh *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife: but that ſelf-hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

Cæſ. Look you, ſad friends:
The Gods rebuke me but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.

Men. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Dol. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.

Men. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this----- but we do launce
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſoveraign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor,
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where

Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars
Unreconcilable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon----
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs
Confin'd in all ſhe has (her monument)
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart,
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preſerve thee. [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along; where's *Dolabella*,
To ſecond *Proculeius*?

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.

Go with me to my tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus.

Cleo. MY deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar:*
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which ſleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
(The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar*'s.)

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe

To

To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're faln into a princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A conqu'ror that will pray, in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his fortunes vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.
Char. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd.
Pro. Guard her 'till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. Royal Queen.
Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your ſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?

Come

Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court,
Not once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varlotry
Of cens'ring *Rome?* rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle grave unto me: rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me ſtark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains.

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done my maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her:
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye----

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o'th' earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature----

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and islands
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra----

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with fancy, yet t'imagine
An *Antony* were nature's piece, 'gainst fancy,

Condemning

Condemning ſhadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as your ſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſw'ring to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you what *Cæſar* means to do with me?
Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable----
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
All. Make way there---- *Cæſar.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you riſe, riſe, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus, my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well

To make it clear, but do confeſs I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your ſelf to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave your ſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours, and we
Your ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me of all, *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of----'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted----where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See *Cæſar!* Oh behold,
How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.

Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd. What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!

Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal, and ſay
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the cynders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put me i'th' roll of conqueſt, ſtill be't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe

Cæſar's

Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſel: feed, and ſleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend, and ſo adieu.

Cleo. My maſter, and my lord.

Cæſ. Not ſo: adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæſar, *and his train.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to my ſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmian.*

Iras. Finiſh, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haſte.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd

Your pleaſure and my promiſe.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your ſervant.

Adieu, good Queen, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras,* what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſie aprons, rules, and hammers ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras*: ſawcy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-a-tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatneſs
I'th' poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for I'm ſure my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents. Now *Charmian,*

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Antony.* Sirrah *Iras,* go----

Now,

Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed,
And when thou'aſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day---bring our crown, and all. [*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence,
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed? he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clown with a basket.

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. 'Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that 'ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe 'that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. 'Very many, men and women too. I heard of one 'of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but 'ſomething given to lie, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the 'way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain 'ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o'th' worm: but 'he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half 'that they do: but this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. 'I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. 'You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will 'do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. 'Look you, the worm is not to be truſted; but in the 'keeping of wiſe people; for indeed there is no goodneſs in 'the worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. 'Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not 'worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. 'You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the 'devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is 'a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But truly, theſe 'ſame whore-ſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women: 'for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. 'Yes forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' worm. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick----- methinks I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rowſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
T' excuſe their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title.
I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baſer life. So----- have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewel. [*Applying the aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? [*To* Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*
Char. Diſſolve thick cloud and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me baſe-----
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate [*To the ſerpent.*
Of life, at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh couldſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Unpolicied.
Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. 'Peace, peace!
'Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
'That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle.
O *Antony!* nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay----- [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild world? ſo fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A laſs unparallel'd. Downy windows cloſe,
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your crown's awry,

I'll

I'll mend it, and then play------

Enter the Guard ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent------ [Charmian *applys the* Aſp.

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.

Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach ho!

All's not well. *Cæſar*'s beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs

Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.

Ah ſoldiers!------ [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thy ſelf art coming

To ſee perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæſar.*

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;

That you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt,

She levell'd at our purpoſe, and being royal

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?

I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.*

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!
1 *Gent.* Oh *Cæſar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs, tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.
Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here on her breaſt
There is a vent of blood and ſomething blown,
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail,
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nyle.*
Cæſ. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe died; for her phyſician tells me
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument;
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony.*
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral,
And then to *Rome:* come, *Dolabella,* ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in Love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a Noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Marcus, Quintus, Lucius, Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a* Moor, *belov'd by* Tamora.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE Rome, *and the Country near it.*

TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his followers at one door, and* Baſſianus *and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

SATURNINUS.

OBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms.
And countrymen and loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am the firſt-born ſon of him that laſt
Wore the imperial diadem of *Rome*:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baſ. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right;
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,

To

To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft with the crown.*

Mar. Princes, that ſtrive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery!
Know that the people of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In election for the *Roman* empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, ſur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous *Goths*,
That with his ſons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoak'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field.
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and as ſuiters ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat.

Sat. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks, to calm my thoughts.
Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affie
In thy uprightneſs and integrity:
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his ſons,
And her (to whom our thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd. [*Exe. Soldiers.*
Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my ſelf, my perſon and the cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.
Baſ. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*They go up into the Senate-houſe.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius *and* Marcus: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *priſoners; ſoldiers, and other attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and* Titus *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Loe, as the bark that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy, for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
Theſe that ſurvive, let *Rome* reward with love;
Theſe that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial among their anceſtors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my ſword:
Titus unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*They open the tomb.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars:
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc.

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones:
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed Queen.

Tam. Stay *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorius *Titus*, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* yoak?
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Smeet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.

Tit. Patient your ſelf, madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they ask a ſacrifice;
To this your ſon is markt, and die he muſt,
T' appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords upon a pile of wood,

Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?

Dem. Oppoſe me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus go to reſt, and we ſurvive
To tremble under *Titus*' threatning looks.
Then, madam, ſtand reſolv'd, but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,
And intrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.

[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe, but ſilence and eternal ſleep:
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Livinia, live, out-live thy father's days;
And fame's eternal date for virtue's praiſe.

Mar. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome nephews from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperor's ſons:

Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome*.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What ſhould I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be choſe with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtain and ask the empery.
Sat. Poud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell?
Tit. Patience, prince *Saturninus*.
Sat. *Romans*, do me right.
Patricians draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the peoples hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.
Tit. Content thee prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your ſuffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay, long live our Emperor.
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And ſay, long live our Emperor *Saturnine*.
[*A long flouriſh 'till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And for an onſet, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empereſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred *Pantheon* her eſpouſe:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion pleaſe thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in ſight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and commander of our common-weal,

The

The wide world's Emperor, do I conſecrate
My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners;
Preſents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet,

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you priſoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your honour and your ſtate
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, truſt me, of the hue [*To* Tamora.
That I would chuſe, were I to chuſe a-new:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in *Rome*:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſie.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free,
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Baſ. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earneſt then, my lord?

Baſ. Ay, noble *Titus*; and reſolv'd withal,

To

To do my ſelf this reaſon and this right.

[*The Emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*

Mar. Suum cuique is our *Roman* juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my lord; *Lavinia* is ſurpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit* Baſſianus *with* Lavinia.

SCENE IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſecure.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.

Tit. What villain, boy,
Barr'ſt me my way in *Rome?* [*He kills him.*

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help.

Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine.
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traitor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock;
I'll truſt by leiſure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a ſtale of

But

But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtands,)
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in ſight of heav'n to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.

Mar. Oh *Titus* ſee, oh ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.
Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no: no ſon of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons.
Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.
Tit. Traitors away, he reſts not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but ſoldiers, and *Rome*'s ſervitors
Repoſe in fame: none baſely ſlain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you,
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren. [Titus's *ſons ſpeak.*
Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And ſhall? what villain was it ſpake that word?
[Titus's *ſon ſpeaks.*
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,

And with theſe boys mine honour thou haſt wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the ſons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my ſoul,

Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe *Laertes*' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe-----
The diſmall'ſt day is this that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in *Rome*:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*

Luc. There lye thy bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel, and ſay,*

No man ſhed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cauſe.

Mar. My lord, to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*

Tit.

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *with the* Moor *at one door. At the other door* Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.
Baſ. And you of yours, my lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
Baſ. Rape call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very ſhort with us,
But if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be control'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,

That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.
Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How have I lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently, for all;
And at my ſuit (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What, Madam, be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you:
But, on mine honour dare I undertake,
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeaks his griefs:
Then at my ſuit look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre looks afflict his gentle heart.----
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt, [*Aſide.*
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey take *Titus*' part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous ſin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raſe their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen

Kneel

Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.------
Come, come, ſweet Emperor,----- come *Andronicus*-----
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe, my Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her; my lord,
Theſe words, theſe looks, infuſe new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;
And let it be my honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords; and you *Lavinia*,
By my advice all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall ask pardon of his majeſty.
Luc. We do, and vow to heaven, and to his highneſs,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſter's honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperor we muſt all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet-heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young mens hainous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.

Come, if the Emperor's court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To-morrow, and it pleaſe your majeſty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Aaron *alone*.

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach;
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his gliſtring coach,
And over-looks the higheſt peering hills:
So *Tamora*.
Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then *Aaron* arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to *Aaron*'s charming eyes,

Than

Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait upon, ſaid I? to wanton with
This Queen, this Goddeſs, this *Semiramis*;
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwrack, and his common-weal's.
Holla, what ſtorm is this?

SCENE II.

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for ought thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for *Lavinia*'s love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs! theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*

Aar.

Aar. Why now, lords?
So near the Emp'ror's palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of *Rome*.
For ſhame put up.

Dem. Not I, 'till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,
Foul-ſpoken coward! thou thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.

Aar. Away, I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why lords----- and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware--- and ſhould the Empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.

Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why are ye mad! or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,

And

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this deviſe.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love?
Aar. To atchieve her-----how!
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What man? more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and eaſie it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive we know:
Tho' *Baſſianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?
Aar. Why then it ſeems ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.
Dem. *Aaron*, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye-----and are you ſuch fools
To † ſquare for this? would it offend you then----
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolve,

† ſquare, *ſignifys to quarrel.* vid. Midſ. night's dream.

That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſte
Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*' love;
A ſpeedier courſe than lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred wit
To villany and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes heighth advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in *Lavinia*'s treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat; a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Foreſt.

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three ſons, with hounds and horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. THE hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouze the prince, and ring a hunter's peal
That all the court may eccho with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Wind horns. Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their attendants.*

Tit. Many good-morrows to your majeſty,
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our *Roman* hunting.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,

Will rouze the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory top.

Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And ſo repoſe ſweet gold for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the Empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

* *Tam.* My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
'The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
'The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun,
'The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
'And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
'Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit,
'And whilſt the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict ſuch as was ſuppos'd

The

The wandring prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave,
We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber,
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, Madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee)
This is the day of doom for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt loſe her tongue to-day,
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus'* blood.
Seeſt thou this letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted ſcrowl;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet *Moor*, ſweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empreſs, *Baſſianus* comes;
Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Baſſianus *and* Lavinia.

Baſ. Whom have we here? *Rome*'s royal Empereſs!
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private ſteps:
Had I the power that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was *Acteon*'s, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empereſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your husband from his hounds to-day,
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, Queen, your ſwarth Cymmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs. I pray you let us hence,

And

And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear ſovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your highneſs look ſo pale and wan?
* *Tam.* Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the ſun, here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.
Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon. [*Stabs* Baſ.
Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Lav. I come, *Semiramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.
Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope ſhe braves your mightineſs;
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?
Chi. And if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.
Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp out-live us both to ſting.
Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that ſure;
Come miſtreſs, now peforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman's face----
Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word----
Dem. Liſten, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O do not teach her wrath, ſhe taught it thee.
The milk thou ſuck'dſt from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;

Do

Do thou intreat her, ſhew a woman pity.

Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove my ſelf a baſtard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my father's ſake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain when *Baſſianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worſe-than-killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſom pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee.

No; let them ſatisfie their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away. For thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy of our general name;
Confuſion fall-----

Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth---bring thou her husband:
[*Dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my ſons; ſee that ye make her ſure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Aaron *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathſom pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleep.

Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promiſe you; were't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,

How

How theſe were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit* Aaron.

SCENE VII.

Mar. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?

Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.

Mar. To prove thou haſt a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone, and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?

Mar. 'Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
'A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
'Which like a taper in ſome monument,
'Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
'And ſhews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' miſty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus'* grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more I will not loſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?
Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus*?
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murthered.

Tam.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth* Saturninus *a letter.*

Saturninus *reads the letter.*

And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus *'tis we mean,*
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora,* was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murther'd *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide until we have deviſ'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the faults be prov'd in them----)
Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora,* was it you?

Tam.

Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murtherers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, ſtay not to talk with them. [*Exe.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and raviſh'd.*

Dem. So now go tell (and if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.

Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.

Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.

Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exe.*

SCENE X.

Enter Marcus *to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?

Couſin,

Couſin, a word, where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep.
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in?
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As half thy love! why do'ſt not ſpeak to me?
'Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
'Like to a bubling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
'Doth riſe and fall between thy roſie lips,
'Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leſt thou ſhou'dſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
(As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a cloud.------
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off
That could have better ſew'd than *Philomel*.
'Oh had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands

'Tremble

'Tremble like aſpen leaves upon a lute,
'And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them,
'He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
'Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
'Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
'He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
'As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, paſſing on the ſtage to the place of execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter tears, which you now ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,

Becauſe

Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus *lieth down, and the judges paſs by him.*

For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears:
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite,
My ſons ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt.*
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two ancient ruins,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all her ſhowers;
In ſummer's drought I'll drop upon thee ſtill,
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow,
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons blood.

Enter Lucius *with his ſword drawn.*

Oh reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death,
And let me ſay (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead----
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you-----

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones,
Who, tho' they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft wax, Tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderneſs of tygers?
Tygers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

SCENE II.

Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to break:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe and look upon her;
Speak my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs in thy father's ſight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?

My

My grief was at the heighth before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nilus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the ſervice I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* ſervice are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet melodious bird it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide her ſelf, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
'For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
'Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
'Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
'Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
'Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone:
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my ſoul-----

Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look *Marcus*, ah ſon *Lucius* look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
Upon a gather'd lilly almoſt wither'd.

Mar. Perchance ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her husband:
Perchance becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed,
Witneſs the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips;
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are ſtain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot ſome deviſe of further miſery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc.

Luc. Sweet father ceaſe your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear neice, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I underſtand her ſigns,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs.

SCENE III.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy ſons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.
Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron*!
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the Emperor my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn.

My

My youth can better ſpare my blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſome my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heav'n it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will uſe the ax. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never whilſt I live deceive men ſo.
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his majeſty my hand:

Tell

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſie price,
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:
Their heads I mean.----- Oh, how this villany [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tit. O hear!-----I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth,
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n ſhall hear our prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fogs, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.
Mar. Oh brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe two extreams.
Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?

And

And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea, hark how her ſighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
Theſe miſeries are more than may be born!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewel flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſons heads,

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs, and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes;
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed;
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find Revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
'Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me ſee what task I have to do------
You heavy people circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raiſe an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel *Lavinia*, my noble ſiſter,
O would thou wert as thou tofore haſt been,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths* and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

---

† SCENE VI.

A Banquet.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and the Boy.*

Tit. SO, ſo, now ſit, and look you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy neice and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt,
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,

Then

† *This ſcene is not in the old edition.*

Then thus I thump it down.
Thou map of wo, that thus doſt talk in ſigns,
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with [a]ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I;
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,-----
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the theam, no talk of hands,
Leſt we remember ſtill that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I ſquare my talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and gentle girl eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays,
I can interperet all her martyr'd ſigns,
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechleſs complaint-----O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,

[a] *ſinging.*

But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And by ſtill practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire leave theſe bitter deep laments,
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.
Tit. Peace tender ſapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'ſt my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus'* brother? get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. 'But?----how if that fly had a father and mother?
'How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
'And buz lamenting doings in the air?
'Poor harmleſs fly,
'That with his pretty buzzing melody,
'Came here to make us merry,
'And thou haſt kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empreſs' *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the *Moor*
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelf, and that's for *Tamora*.

Yet

Yet ſtill I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a cole-black *Moor*.
Mar. Alas poor man, grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
I'll to thy cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter young Lucius *and* Lavinia *running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm.*
Enter Titus, *and* Marcus.

BOY.

HELP, grandſire, help; my aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes:
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome* ſhe did.
Mar. What means my neice *Lavinia* by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See *Lucius*, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,

Sweet

Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory:
Can'ſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzie do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through ſorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Cauſeleſs perhaps; but pardon me, ſweet aunt,
And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia? Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee.
Which is it, girl, of theſe? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What book?
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or elſe to heav'n ſhe heaves them, for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*,
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.

Tit.

Tit. Soft! ſee how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: what would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treaſon and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee;------
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What *Roman* lord it was durſt do the deed;
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece* bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet neice; brother, ſit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My lord, look here; look here *Lavinia*.
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good neice, and here diſplay at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,

That

That we may know the traitors, and the truth.

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!----- the luſtful ſons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope,
And ſwear with me, as with the woeful peer
And father of that chaſte diſhonoured dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous *Goths*,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake, and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And when he ſleeps will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by; the angry northern-wind
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sybils* leaves abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? boy, what ſay you!

Boy. I ſay, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoak of *Rome*.
Mar. Ay, that's my boy, thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, and if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.
Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs' ſons
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.
Tit. No, boy, not ſo, I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. O heav'ns, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd ſhield,
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heav'ns for old *Andronicus*. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one door: and at another door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of weapons and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,

I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villians mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire well advis'd hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a ſcrole, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.
Aar. Ay juſt, a verſe in *Horace*-----right, you have it------
Now what a thing it is to be an aſs?
Here's no ſound jeſt, th' old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thouſand *Roman* dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother to ſay Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

SCENE III.

Enter Nurſe with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*
Aar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or wo betide thee evermore.
Aar. Why what a caterwalling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good reſt.
What hath he ſent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then ſhe is the devil's dam: a joyful iſſue.

Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black and ſorrowful iſſue.
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out you whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom ſure.

Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?

Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.

Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.

Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone------
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-ſpring of ſo foul a fiend.

Chi. It ſhall not live.

Aar. It ſhall not die.

Nur. *Aaron* it muſt, the mother wills it ſo.

Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.

Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murtherous villians, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my cymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands;
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,

Ye

Ye white limb'd walls, ye alehouſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. *Rome* will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, old lad I am thine own.
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that womb where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.
Nur. *Aaron*, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:

Save

Save thou the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aar. Why ſo, brave lords, when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my ſelf.
And no one elſe but the deliver'd Empreſs.
Aar. The Empreſs, the midwife, and your ſelf------
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid------ [*He kills her.*
Week, week; ſo cries a pig prepar'd to th' ſpit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron?* wherefore didſt thou this?
Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye ſee I have given her phyſick,

And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. Aaron, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the air with ſecrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*
Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with bows, and* Titus *bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight;
Terras Aſtræa reliquit ----- be your remember'd, *Marcus* -----
She's gone, ſhe's fled ----- Sirs, take you to your tools,
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets, haply you may find her in the ſea,
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land -----
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you muſt do it,

'Tis

'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you to deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.'
Ah *Rome!* ----- Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd,
This wicked Emperor may have ſhip'd her hence,
And kinſmen then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry for Juſtice ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in heav'n, or ſomewhere elſe;
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And

And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels.
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* ſize,
But metal, *Marcus*, ſteel to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And ſith there's no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To ſend down Juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you---- here *ad Apollinem*----
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelf;
Here boy, to *Pallas* ---- here to *Mercury*----
To *Saturn* and to *Cœlus*----- not to *Saturnine* ----
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.
To it, boy, *Marcus*---- looſe when I bid:
Of my word I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſollicited.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They ſhoot.*

Tit. Now, maſters, draw; oh well ſaid, *Lucius:*
Good boy in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou'ſt ſhot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the ſport, my lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who ſhould find them but the Empreſs' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why there it goes. God give your lordſhip joy.

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice, what ſays *Jupiter?*

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he ſays that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what ſays *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs into heav'n in my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly Sir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold---- mean while here's mony for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you: and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, ſee you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? come, let me ſee it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant,
And when thou haſt given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Emperor and Empreſs, and her two ſons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus *ſhot.*

Sat. Why lords, what wrongs are theſe? was ever ſeen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the diſturbers of our peace,
Buz in the peoples ears) there nought hath paſt,
But even with law againſt the willful ſons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrows have ſo over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenſie, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redreſs.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
Sweet ſcrowls to fly about the ſtreets of *Rome*.

What's this but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecſttaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
Th' effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt,
For theſe contempts---- Why thus it ſhall become
High-witted *Tamora* to gloſe withal:
But *Titus* I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood on't: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aſide.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?
Clow. Yea forſooth, an your Miſterſhip be Emperial.
Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.
Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*He reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.
Clow. How much mony muſt I have?
Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this moſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be born? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour ſhall ſhape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius?*

Æmil. Arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more cauſe;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſon to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths?*
Theſe tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love ſo much,
My ſelf hath often heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius'* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not our city ſtrong?

Sat.

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the ſun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody;
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
Then cheer thy ſpirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.
Sat. But he will not intreat his ſon for us.
Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embaſſador, [*To* Æmilius.
Say, that the Emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. *Æmilius*, do this meſſage honourably;
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, ſweet Emperor, be blith again,

And

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully and plead to him. [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp.

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with drum and ſoldiers.*

LUCIUS.

APproved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which ſignifie what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any †ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'ſt:
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.

Omn. And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a luſty *Goth?*

SCENE

† ſcathe. *harm.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron *with his child in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I ſtraid
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery,
And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace, tawny ſlave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a cole-black calf;
Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe)
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty *Goth*,
Who when he knows thou art the Empreſs' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs' eye,
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.
Firſt hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl,
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Aar. Get me a ladder, *Lucius*, ſave the child,
And bear it from me to the Empereſs;
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but vengeance rot you all.
Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.
Aar. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me my child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind, I ſay thy child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no God.
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him;------therefore thou ſhalt vow

By that ſame God, what God ſoe'er it be
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh and bring him up,
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my God I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt know thou, I begot him on the Empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons that murder'd *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. Oh deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.
Luc. Oh barb'rous beaſtly villains like thy ſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card, as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head;
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confed'rate with the Queen and her two ſons.
And what not done that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't?
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When

When for his hand he had his two ſons heads,
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What, can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Ev'n now I curſe the day (and yet I think
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death,
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear my ſelf,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor mens cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends doors,
Ev'n when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.------
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome?*
Æmi. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
Goth. What says our General?
Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emp'ror give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Titus's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *disguis'd.*

Tam. THUS in these strange and sad habiliments
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,

And

And work confuſion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough;
Witneſs this wretched ſtump,
Witneſs the crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tyring day and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora:*
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not *Tamora;*
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from th' infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vultur of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity or miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee:
Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy ministers; what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
And you the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* Titus *from above.*
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do

Do you uphold, and maintain in your ſpeech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for *Lucius* his ſon:
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I muſt play my theam.

SCENE IV.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful houſe;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
For well I wot, the Empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you repreſent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what ſhall we do?

Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, *Andronicus?*

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thy ſelf,
Good Murder ſtab him, he's a murderer.

Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a raviſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee do on them ſome violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant ſon,
Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe.
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſs and her ſons,
The Emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou caſe thy angry heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this device?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls:
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me; and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them;
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.
Tit. I know them all, tho' they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curſed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tamora.
Tit. I know thou doſt, and ſweet Revenge farewel.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine*.

Enter Publius *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know ye theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſs' ſons
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure. [*Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empreſs' ſons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

SCENE V.

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius!*
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains!------ for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad------
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.

This

This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feaſt.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt the mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befal what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil,
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings;
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong,
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave,
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*

The trumpets ſhew the Emperor is at hand.

SCENE VI.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy ſelf a ſun?
Mar. *Rome*'s Emperor, and nephew, break the parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome:*
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a veil over her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord, welcome dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus.*
Tit. And if your highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My lord the Emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reaſon, mighty lord?

Sat.

Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die. [*He kills her.*
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe her ſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſs my knife's ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*
Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*He ſtabs* Titus.
Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*
Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*,
By uprore ſever'd, like a flight of fowl,
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit again

This

This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let *Rome* her ſelf be bane unto her ſelf,
And ſhe whom mighty kingdoms curtſie to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on her ſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erſt our anceſtor, [*To* Lucius.
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick *Dido*'s ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtile *Greeks* ſurpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy*:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. Then noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears deſpis'd, and baſely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies into the grave.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, my ſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But ſoft, methinks I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to ſpeak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus*' houſe,
And as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge what cauſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you *Romans*?
Have we done ought amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe:
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for well I know,
The common voice do cry it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor;
Go, go into old *Titus*' ſorrowful houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all hail! *Rome*'s gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks gentle *Romans*: may I govern ſo,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but uncle draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe:

Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, ſo you did live again-----
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping------
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

SCENE VII.

Enter Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument:
As for that hainous tygreſs *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey:

Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity,
And being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the ſtate,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Seyward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young Seyward *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE *in the end of the fourth act lyes in* England, *through the reſt of the Play in* Scotland, *and chiefly at* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

Suppos'd to be true hiſtory; taken from Hector Boetius, *and other Scotiſh croniclers.*

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.

WHEN ſhall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battel's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, I come,
Grimalkin?
2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls----- anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Palace.

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. WHAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

Mal. This is the ſerjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glaſſes* was ſupply'd,
And fortune on his damned quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
'Till he had fac'd the ſlave,
Who ne'er ſhook hands nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun [a] gives his reflection,
Shipwracking

[a] *gins.*

Shipwracking ſtorms and direful thunders [b] break;
So from that ſpring whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels,
But the *Norweyan* lord ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled ſtroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell---
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help----

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe.*

Len. What haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Roſſe. God ſave the King.

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*

Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Nor-

[b] *breaking.*

Norway himſelf, with numbers terrible,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point, rebellious arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs.

Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes-kill*-iſle
Ten thouſand dollars, to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHERE haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſtnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
† Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o'th' *Tiger*:

But

† aroint, *or* avaunt, be gone.

But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do ----- I'll do ---- and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very [c] points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ſhip-man's card -----
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid;
Weary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!
All. The weyward ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

[c] *ports.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to [d] *Foris*---- What are theſe?
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That man may queſtion? you ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips,---- You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed [*To the witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.*

[d] *foris.*

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none;
All-hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo.*
1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!
Mach. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more;
By † *Sinel*'s death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman; and to be *King*,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor.* Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting?----- ſpeak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Mach. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind-----
Would they had ſtaid!
Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root
That takes the reaſon priſoner?
Mach. Your children ſhall be Kings.
Ban. You ſhall be King.
Mach. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?
Brn. To th' ſelf-ſame tune, and words; who's here?

SCENE V.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels fight,

† *The father of* Macbeth.

His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which would be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy ſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick [e] as hail,
Came poſt on poſt, and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of *Cawdor*! [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains. [*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your children ſhall be Kings? [*To* Banquo.
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,

Promis'd

[e] *as tale*
Can poſt with poſt ——

Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word I pray you. [*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.

Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theam. I thank you, gentlemen----
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good-----If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good; why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
Againſt the uſe of nature? preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My Thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that Function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me [*Aſide.*
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may,

Time

Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them---- let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time, [*To* Banquo.
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Palace.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

King. IS Execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons,
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:

He

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude ev'n now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wind of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt
Not unaccompained, inveſt him only,

But

But ſigns of nobleneſs like ſtars ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.----- Hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my ſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The prince of *Cumberland!*---- that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars hide your fires,
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me, let us after him
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's *Caſtle at* Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *THEY met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learn'd by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the King who all-hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which title before theſe wayward ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with* hail King that ſhalt be. *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt*

deareſt partner of greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor* ----- and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature,
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, " thus thou muſt do if thou have it;
" And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
" Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſic aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſ. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, were't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. ' The raven himſelf is hoarſe, [*Exit Meſ.*

'That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
'Under my battlements. Come all you ſpirits
'That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
'And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top-full
'Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
'Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
'That no compunctious viſitings of nature
'Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
'Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
'And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters!
'Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
'You wait on nature's miſchief. Come, thick night!
'And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
'That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes,
'Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
'To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. Oh never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,

Your

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Caſtle Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd manſonry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor † coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometime's our trouble,

† *or* corner, *Fr.*

Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſervice
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

An Apartment.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with diſhes and ſervice over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were *done*, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination

Could

Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
† Might be the Be-all and the End-all ----- *Here*,
Here only on this bank and ſchool of time,
We'd jump the life to come ---- But in theſe caſes
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught return
† To plague th' inventor: Even-handed Juſtice
Returns th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
(Strong both againſt the deed) Then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculty ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off.
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind. ---- I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it ſelf,
And falls on th' other -----

SCENE X.

Enter Lady.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

† † *The firſt of theſe lines (which in the old edition is totally different from all the others) and the latter (which is quite omitted in all the others) entirely reſtore this very obſcure paſſage to ſenſe, as will appear upon compariſon.*

Lady.

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which ſhould be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'th' adage.
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ----
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Macb.

Macb. If we ſhould fail?-----
Lady. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only; when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?
Macb. I'm ſetled, and bend up
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.----- Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword: who's there?

Mab. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By th' name of moſt kind hoſteſs, and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,

Which

Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weyward ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exit* Banquo.

* SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee-----
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw-----
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt---- I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy blade and dudgeon, † gouts of blood
Which was not ſo before.---- There's no ſuch thing------
It is the bloody buſineſs which informs
This to mine eyes---- Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing [a] ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt---- Thou [b] ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it---- Whilſt I threat, he lives---- *

[*A Bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

* SCENE III.

Enter Lady.

[bold:

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me
What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night---- he is about it------
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms

† gouttes, *or* drops, *Fr.* [a] *ſides.* [b] *ſour*, perhaps, *ſure.*
* ——— he lives,
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, *&c.*

Do

Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho?----

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us---- hark!---- I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.---- Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I'had don't---- My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed---- didſt not thou hear a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the owl ſcream and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!---- who lyes i'th' ſecond chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd murther,
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſt them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
Liſtning their fear, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought,
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murther ſleep. The innocent Sleep, *
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the houſe;
Glamis hath murther'd ſleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not,

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*

* —— innocent ſleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of &c.

How

How is't with me, when every noiſe appalls me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather,*
Make the green ocean red-----

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended-----hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou couldſt! [*Exe.* *

SCENE

*——will rather
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnadine
Making the green one red.
Enter Lady. &c.

*——wouldſt thou could'ſt!

SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an *Engliſh* tailor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in taylor, here you may roaſty our gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox *and Porter.*

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
----Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, † phyſicks pain;
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited ſervice.
[*Exit* Macduff.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lye ſo late?
Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock:
And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie laſt night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie, and I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

SCENE, *&c.*

† *heals* or *cures* pain.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?
Macb. He did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down. And, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſying with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:
The obſcure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some ſay the earth was fev'rous, and did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee------
Macb. and Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece,
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'th' building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?------
Len. Mean you his majeſty?------
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake! awake!------

[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.

Macd. Ring the alarum-bell---- murther! and treaſon!-----
Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolme!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death it ſelf-----up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image! *Malcolme! Banquo!*

As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell------

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.
Macd. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, our royal maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?-----
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, *and* Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:

The

The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them-----
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver skin lac'd with his [c]goary blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance; there the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho!----- [*Seeming to faint.*
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.

[c] *golden.*

Ban. Look to the lady; [*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland,* I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſſe, *with an old Man.*

Old Man. THreeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen

Hours

Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man,
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff.*
How goes the world, Sir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two ſons,

Are ſtoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill;
Thriftleſs ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own life's means. Then 'tis moſt like
The ſovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth?*

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone,*
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill,*
The ſacred ſtore-houſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.

Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*

Macd. No, couſin, I'll to *Fife.*

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you ſee, things well done there; adieu.
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new.

Roſſe. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THOU haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weyward women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity,
But that my ſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but huſh, no more.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Lay your highneſs'
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban.

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time
'Till ſeven at night, to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome: we will keep our ſelf
'Till ſupper time alone: till then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

SCENE II.

Manent Macbeth *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb.

Macb. Bring them before us --- To be thus, is nothing. [*Ex. ſer.*
But to be ſafely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid
Antony's was by *Cæſar*. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I fil'd my mind?
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd?
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them? and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings? the ſeed of *Banquo* Kings?
Rather than ſo, come fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance! --- who's there?

Enter ſervant, and two murtherers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there 'till we call. [*Exit ſervant.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
You have conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you

So

So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conf'rence, paſt in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how croſt; the inſtruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things elſe that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clipt
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put the buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.*

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am † reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your enemy.
Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.
2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives-----
Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. In this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'th' time,
The moment on't, (for't muſt be done to night,
And ſomething from the palace:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his ſon that keeps him company,
(Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,

† *careleſs.*

Than is his father's) muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve your ſelves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcorch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it——
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,

Ere

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſie.---- *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo I pray be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*.
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizards t'our hearts, diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecat*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: come ſealing night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Park, the Caſtle at a diſtance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* BUT who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur. Macbeth.*
2 *Mur.* He needs not to miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the [a] lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.
Banquo within. Give us light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' court.
1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.
3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' palace gate
Make it their walk. *Enter*

[a] *lateſt.*

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave! [*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon
Is fled.
2 *Mur.* We've loſt beſt half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done. [*Exe.*

---

*SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Caſtle.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, ſit down:
And firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.
Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt:
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends.

For

For my heart ſpeaks, they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks.
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i'th' mid'ſt;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round---- There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murtherer aſide at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance:* if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I 'had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the caſing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe?----

Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown ſerpent lyes: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear our ſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is [b] cold

That

[b] *ſold.*

That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſawce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't pleaſe your highneſs ſit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!

Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here my good lord.
What is't that moves your highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his highneſs is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man? [*To* Macb. *aſide.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which

Which might appall the devil.

Lady. Proper ſtuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; [*aſide.*

This is the air-drawn-dagger, which you ſaid

Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts

(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become

A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it ſelf!----

Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done

You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee ſee there!

Behold! look! loe! how ſay you? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

Why, what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.

If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend

Thoſe that we bury, back; our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady. Fie for ſhame.

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time,

Ere humane ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd

Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been

That when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they riſe again

With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,

And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange

Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot----

Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,

I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing

To

To thoſe that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full-----
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miſs,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [*The Ghoſt riſes again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,
And dare me to the deſart with thy ſword;
If trembling I [d] inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why ſo,-----be gone-----
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*

Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With moſt admir'd diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? you make me ſtrange
Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

[d] *inhabit.*

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his majeſty.

Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they ſay blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augures that underſtood relations have
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There is not one of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weyward ſiſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good;
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young indeed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Wit.* WHY how now, *Hecat'*, you look angerly

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles, and affairs of death?
And I the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a weyward ſon,
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,

As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit ſee
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.

1 *Wit.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exe.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Lenox *and another Lord.*

Len. MY former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*----- marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth?* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink and thralls of ſleep?
Was that not nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay
He has born all things well, and I do think
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,

(As

(As and't pleaſe heav'n he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſons of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Live in the *Engliſh* court, and are receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir*, *not I*,
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,

Under

Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three witches.

1 WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* *Harper* crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*

Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:

For

For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew:*
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains:
And now about the cauldron ſing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and gray.
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret black and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How e'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
'Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
'Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
'Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
'Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
'Though caſtles topple on their warders heads;
'Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
'Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
'Of natures † germains tumble all together,
'Even 'till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: greaſe that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame:

All.

† or *kindred.*

All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power -----
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!* ---
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife* ----- diſmiſs me ---- enough. [*Deſcends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more ----
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, untill
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunſinane*'s high hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious dead, riſe never 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* riſe; and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you: let me know.
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this? [*Hoboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo *laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown do's ſear mine eye-balls. And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound-brow) is like the firſt-----
A third, is like the former---- filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?---- A fourth?----Start eye!
What, will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of doom?-----

Ano-

Another yet?---- A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more -----
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry.
Horrible ſight! nay now I ſee 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

1 *Witch.* Ay Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights,
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The witches dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?---- Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accurſed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there?

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England.*

Macb. Fled to *England?*

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o'th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly the land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

As

As little is the wiſdom where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. Deareſt couſin,
I pray you ſchool your ſelf; but for your husband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' time. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you.
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?
Son. On what I get, and ſo do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird!
Thou'dſt never fear the net, nor line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet i'faith
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee poor monkey: but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you fair dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus methinks I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you,
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is

Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I'ad done no harm?-----what are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He 'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you. [*Exit crying Murther.*

SCENE IV.

The King of England's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. LET us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and like good men,
Beſtride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.

What

What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young, but ſomething
You may diſcern of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.

Macd. I am not treach'rous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

Macd. I've loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and children?
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is † affear'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think our country ſinks beneath the yoak,

It

† Affear'd, *a law term for* confirm'd.

It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know ‡
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In ills, to top *Macbeth.*

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of each ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Than ſuch an one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,

‡ *This conference of* Malcolm *with* Macduff *is taken out of the chronicles of* Scotland.

And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold: the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that were I King
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe,
And my more-having would be as a ſawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and royal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeming luſt; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath † foyſons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd.

† *plenty.*

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* ----

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?
No not to live. Oh nation miſerable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland.* Oh my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to women, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking

Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heav'n
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,

And

And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!
Mal. My country-man; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers.
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. 'Alas poor country,
'Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
'Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
'But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
'Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air
'Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
'A modern ecſtaſie: the dead-man's knell
'Is there ſcarce ask'd, for whom? and good mens lives
'Expire before the flowers in their caps,
'Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh relation! too nice, and yet too true.
Mal. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What? concern they
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer

To

To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too!——
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence! my wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I've ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay all? what, all? *
Mal. [b] Endure it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: heav'n reſt them now!
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my ſelf,

* ——oh hell-kite! what, all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Endure it, *&c.*
[b] *diſpute.*

Within

Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any tme) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo you! here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and upon my life faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damned ſpot; out I ſay----- one; two; why then 'tis time to do't----- hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account--- yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?----- no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you marr all with ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well------

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale----- I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine than the phyſician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo good-night.
My mind ſhe'as † mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

† *conquer'd or ſubdu'd.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. THE *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
‡ Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward*'s son,
And many unruff'd youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad: others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

‡ *This line omitted in all but the first edition in folio.*

His peſter'd ſenſes to recoyl, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the ſickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. BRING me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
'Fear not *Macbeth*, no man that's born of woman
'Shall e'er have power upon thee.----- Fly falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures.
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown:
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?

Ser. There are ten thouſand-----

Macb.

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, wheyface?

Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence ---- *Seyton!* ---- I'm ſick at heart,
When I behold ----- *Seyton*, I ſay! ---- this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
'And that which ſhould accompany old age,
'As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
'I muſt not look to have: but in their ſtead,
'Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
'Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh is hackt,
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more horſes, skirre the country round,
Hang thoſe that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How do's your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb.

Mach. Cure her of that:
' Canſt thou not miniſter to minds diſeas'd,
' Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
' Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
' And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
' Cleanſe the full boſome of that perilous ſtuff
' Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Mach. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it----
Come, put my armour on, give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out----- Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me---
Come, Sir, diſpatch---- If thou could'ſt, doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay-----
What rubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence? hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Mach. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane.*
Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Birnam *Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. COUSIN, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Seyw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of *Birnam.*
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcov'ry
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Seyw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. [a] Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:

Though

[a] *Set our beſt cenſures Before the* ——

Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate.
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V.

DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. HANG out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is ſtill, *they come:* our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not † forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
'Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
'To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;

And

† for *re-inforc'd.*

'And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
'The way to [b] ſtudy death. Out, out, brief candle!
'Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
'That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
'And then is heard no more! It is a tale
'Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
'Signifying nothing!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.
Meſ. My gracious lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, ſay it, Sir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*Striking him.*
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive
'Till famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou do'ſt for me as much-----
I pull in reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam* wood
"Do come to *Dunſinane*," and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;

[b] *duſty death.*

'I 'gin to be a weary of the ſun,
'And wiſh the ſtate o'th' world were now undone.
'Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
'At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Before Dunſinane.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. NOW near enough: your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my couſin, your right noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battel. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well:
Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But bear-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Seyw.

Yo. Seyw. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Seyw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant, with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt. [*Fight, and young* Seyward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman;
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face,
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and childrens ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: Or thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be----
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolme *and* Seyward.

Seyw. This way, my lord, the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my ſword! thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer-monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
'Here may you ſee the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII.

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolme, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs were ſafe arriv'd.
Seyw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his prow'ſs confirm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Seyw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe.

Roſſe. Ay, on the front.

Seyw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more;
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
So God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where ſtands
Th' uſurper's curſed head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy kindgom's peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail King of *Scotland!*

All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful elſe

That

That calls upon us, by the grace of [c] heaven
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt omnes.*

[c] *grace.*

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.